



# SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

For residents of the West End it is a moving sight of a Sabbath morning to see the children from the Protestant Orphans' Home on Dovercourt road parading to church. The children march two and two, and the procession is nearly one hundred yards long, about two-thirds of the orphans being boys. Each child has a cap like every other child, a coat, socks, boots. No child has an identity beyond being one of the orphans, sorted to size, all the smaller ones heading the procession and the column increasing gradually to the rear, where the largest two are found. In the Orphanage, no doubt, the children all have spoons alike, and plates and knives, and beds and quilts alike. In the receiving of food and instruction, in the going to and coming from bed, there is no doubt an inexorable routine, for it seems that no such institution can be conducted without a set of regulations, each one as implacable as the law of gravitation. There are other similar institutions in Toronto, all engaged in the excellent work of rearing the homeless and friendless, and it would seem that if Socialism ever desires to put the Bellamy principle to a fair test, a small colony might be founded with three or four hundred children raised in this factory-like way. They are communists from the cradle. In their knowledge of grammar they have not had the faintest hint of The Devil's Pronoun (the possessive), as Mrs. Forbes Robertson calls it. They know nothing of ownership. They all wear like garments, and at a given signal precipitate themselves with like rapacity upon a uniform allowance of porridge. If a colony is ever to be successfully founded in which all property will be common, there can be no fitter colonists than those graduating from these institutions. They have been shut away during infancy and youth from the greed of the world. Neither by reading nor observation have they had the chance to become imbued with the principles of plunder and acquisition that dominate the world—principles that are instilled into other children before they can talk, with toys, trinkets and ornaments as the articles in the object lesson.

If any part of mankind may be called raw material from which reformers could mould a new order of society and a better world, then the product of orphanages is that part, and it would be interesting to see an experiment made. Would such a colony if once founded and left undisturbed, permanently adhere to the Bellamy principle? Would all property remain common, all men render equal service and accept equal reward? It seems easy and safe to predict that under the most favorable conditions conceivable no such order of society could outlast one generation, or, at most, the lifetime of its founders or original settlers. You cannot get away from the devil's pronoun. If you take a thousand men in the army and dress them alike, and make them correspond as much as possible one with another, so that all identity will be merged, you will find this one flattering himself on a straighter back than the rest, that one protruding a chest of more than ordinary development, and even a mole or a crooked eye will delight its fortunate possessor. Every man rebels against being lost among his kind, like a grain of wheat in a full bin. Instinct bids him screech first, run riot and destroy his fellows if no other means are at hand for emphasizing his identity and attracting the attention of men and angels to the fact that he *lives* and *is*. It is the instinctive protest of life against death, the defiance that animation casts at annihilation. A life of machine-like routine is therefore repulsive to nature and can only be effected by compulsion from those in authority or in order to preserve life by earning the means of living. The feeling that one's life is one's own, absolutely distinct from anything created in all time, is what would prevent men from peaceably living in a community of equality, of absolutely ordered comings and goings, earnings and rewards. In a community of such prosaic equality as Bellamy foresaw in his dream, I can imagine men glorying in such distinctive marks as bandy legs and other deformities that would serve to distinguish them from other parts of the great social machine in which they would otherwise be merged and lost. A man resents anything that will blur his outline. Sometimes, made desperate by his insignificance, he will commit atrocious crimes to attract the public eye for a moment. In his relation to eternity and in his relation to himself, each man stands forth as clear-cut and distinct as though no other man had ever been created. Gazing in a fascinated way at the squirming of the masses, the communist forgets this and bulks all that his eye rests upon. Mankind can never be rounded up into uniformity.

But the spectacle of orphans parading to church suggests something much more matter-of-fact than this. The children who are placed in homes are only a fraction of those who are practically homeless. In every town throughout Canada there are children picking up a precarious living. In every city there are hundreds of urchins left to grow up into whatever moral shape their bent may be. They sleep in low retreats and mud-lark all day long, the year round. Some have parents worse than none. In Toronto Rev. J. E. Starr has been appointed the active and constant agent of a society which endeavors to look after neglected children, and Mr. J. J. Kelso has been appointed an officer under the Ontario Government to give his entire time to what may be called kindred work. Both gentlemen, I am led to believe, are constantly able to provide

children for those wishing to adopt little ones. In view of the work carried on by these two gentlemen, and in view of the crowded state of the various orphanages in Toronto and in other cities throughout the Dominion, it seems safe to say that there are more homeless children than can be provided for. Yet the other day it was announced in the papers that another consignment of Dr. Barnardo boys arrived at the Union Station and were marched to the resort on Richmond street, to be presently sent forward to the various distributing points throughout the country. How long will this sort of thing be permitted to last? A subscriber in Edinburgh recently sent us a circular received by him from Dr. Barnardo, and the tone of it is quite different from that of the Barnardo literature so familiar to Canadians. He calls upon the person addressed for a contribution to the good work, and says that further shipments must cease un-

against the passage of the proposed Insolvency Act. It is signed by Thomas Ritchie, president, and J. Parker Thomas, secretary. As I understand the new bill (a copy of it, however, has not reached this office) its main purpose is to bring the assets of a bankrupt under better control, and to put an end to all those laxities that have heretofore permitted sharpers to make money by failing in business. There is a general suspicion that this is frequently done where one or two principal creditors, being secured, are quite indifferent to what happens unto others. Newspaper men have long been of opinion that the need for a Dominion Insolvency Act was felt by all business men. Enough talk has been heard upon the subject to create that impression. But now the Belleville Board of Trade is in arms against the very proposition to the advocacy of which commercial reporters on the daily press and editors of trade papers had to listen

this petition from the Belleville Board. The question arises, Can any body of men whose minds run to poetry possibly seize upon the sound end of a business discussion?

The monthly trade paper, *The Imprint*, has just come to hand, quoting and disapproving, as other papers have done, my argument that newspapers have too much license in reporting trials and other legal proceedings. The press, it contends, cannot have too much liberty in watching and commenting upon the action of courts and judges. There never was a person related in any capacity to a newspaper who was not at the outset pumped full of these cant phrases about the press being the bulwark of the people's liberties. It is all very well for us to use these stage effects now and then in order to impress the marines, but for a journal of the printing trade to regale its initiated readers with them is another matter. It

dodges, arrives on time; the others straggle around, see Green in there, pencil in hand, operating on Judge McDougall the argus-eyes of the press, so they draw off for recreation, to return as the Court rises and patch up a report from Bro. Green's notes. That is how the archimedean lever of the press works. But read next day what the papers say about the cases at the court and you could scarce believe that the reports had been gleaned in such a perfunctory way. The clever, the brainy and high-priced men on the Toronto dailies are kept exclusively engaged writing upon crime and politics. And as the political articles written are largely criminal, it might be said that their attention is exclusively centered upon crime of one sort or another. Nothing to-day can attract the smartest reporter from each paper to one spot at one time but a dead body or the stench from a scandal. Some of the papers excuse their shrewdest men from office duties so that they could report the Williams murder, yet could not spare the same men to report the Provincial or Dominion Parliaments. Newspapers have discovered that they must have flare-heads, and to justify flare-heads they must have something racier than commonplace facts, however vital these may be. In the Pollard-Breckinridge trial at Washington recently the judge became disgusted at the morbid curiosity of the crowd and is said to have rebuked them as follows: "The spectators here have been on trial for their decency, and they have been proved guilty of indecent conduct. These people who come here day after day are like buzzards waiting for a pile of carrion." Such is the public taste—a taste partly created by the papers, a taste certainly catered to by them. And it is this profitable merchandise in carrion that gives the press fifty per cent. of its interest in court proceedings. Who will ascribe the activity of the daily papers in the Williams case to a desire for justice and not to a greed for sensations? In matters before the County Court, who will deny that Judge McDougall is as safe a custodian of the public interests as any managing editor in town, not to mention the boy to whom he delegates the argus-eyes heretofore mentioned? The newspapers in their own interests, if in no other, require to be disciplined and made decent in spite of themselves. The criminal law should be operated in silence and the public, and the purveyors of news to the public, denied recognition and privileges when a case is taken up by the Crown. It would serve a better educative purpose to hold hangings in public than to hold criminal trials in public. With the privileges of appeal afforded by the new Criminal Code there is no longer a necessity for publicity in criminal proceedings. If trials were not conducted in public and treated as sensations the detectives would not, in their hunger for mob admiration, make it their task to hang somebody for every crime committed. They might even become officers of justice in course of time.

MACK.

D'Alton McCarthy's recent speech in the Commons, wherein he claimed that Canada is naturally a pastoral country, suggests a few ideas worth contemplating. Supposing two sharp business men owned Canada and the United States respectively. When the United States went into a high tariff, which was intended to build the cities, would it not have been shrewd for the other fellow, his smaller competitor, to go into the no-tariff business to attract the farmer? Uncle Sam, with the tinsel of republicanism and the blare of his uncertain trumpet of freedom, was attracting the people of the old world by the million with high tariff, high prices, high living, high everything. I should not wonder that if Canada, observing the hopelessness of competing with this monster neighbor, had taken off the tariff altogether, both excise and customs, she might have startled the world with an experiment of cheap living and cheap land. Glancing at it superficially it seems to me that we might have attracted ten or fifteen millions of population in a decade. Of course it would have been an agricultural population drawn here by the fact of land as free as in the United States, with living as cheap as in Holland, which, by the way, has made money almost without a tariff while surrounded by highly protected countries. Is it not possible that we made the mistake some years ago of trying to build cities before we had people enough to support them? It is always a bad plan to begin to build from the sky down instead of from the earth up. If we had filled our farms and attracted an agricultural population, which is the first requisite of this country, as everyone will admit, we naturally would have had towns and cities. As it is, we have more merchants in the cities and towns than an agricultural population can support. This is also true of Australia, where the great majority of the people live in cities. Of course it is true that one man with a couple of helpers on a big farm can raise enough grain and pork and beef for a hundred people, but these three and their families would take very few goods in return. Looking at the enterprise broadly we might have made it very uncomfortable for Uncle Sam, for his people would have come over here to buy their goods and to spend their savings, which is exactly what he was trying to keep at home. Uncle Sam is now thinking of reducing his tariff, and we are suspected of simply being the imitator of a great neighbor. This being the case, if I were a member of the House of Commons and were speaking on the subject I would take it something like this: The tariff as it has been revised is as low as the manufacturers can stand



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

less his friends rally to the support of the cause. The next shipment must be delayed indefinitely unless the necessary funds are forthcoming, which amount to £10 for each boy, and unless this money is made up "this door of exit will be closed." That is his ominous warning to the class of people in Great Britain who correspond with the orphanages, who employ Rev. J. E. Starr in Toronto and assist the efforts of Mr. J. J. Kelso, and who find all their contributions and labors trivial in comparison with the work that stands in need of being done. Is it not about time that that "door of exit" was closed? The arrival in Toronto the other day of the shipment of boys to which Dr. Barnardo referred in his circular forwarded us by the Edinburgh gentleman, seems to show that the "door of exit" did not close. The British public realizes that no simpler and cheaper way of escaping heavy burdens could be devised.

The Belleville Board of Trade has had printed and put in circulation an argumentative petition to the Dominion Parliament protesting

in weariness of spirit for years. A just commercial law should not be so very hard to frame, if we assume that justice is the end in view. "The practical effect of an insolvency law," says the petition in question, "is to shift the *just* ground on which credit ought to be dispensed, namely, integrity and ability of the recipient, to the *false* ground furnished by the assurance of getting an equal division of the assets of the debtor in case of insolvency." I think the petitioners greatly over-rate the amount of shifting that will result. Wholesalers do not sell expecting to lose and resigned to such loss as may ensue. They either feel confident of the solvency of the purchaser or they make themselves secure, getting the inside track whenever possible. If the new law places all first-class creditors upon an equality, preventing any from getting the inside track, it seems to me that this will cause wholesalers to increase their caution rather than to grow more reckless, and an unprofitable business will come to an end much sooner than now. Boards of Trade are usually hard-headed bodies, and it is therefore somewhat of a novelty to find Shakespeare quoted twice in

sounds well to talk about the press pouring its fierce light upon the bench and the prisoner's dock, but what are the facts? A suit-at-law is scarcely mentioned in a newspaper unless it has in it some element that can be exaggerated into a sensation. Almost the first reportorial work a boy is set at when he gets a place on a newspaper staff is looking after the division, police or county courts. Before he is at the business a month he hungers for promotion and wonders when he will be permitted to ferret out an elopement scandal or something else of real interest. Unless a criminal case of some sort arises at one of the courts, it is "the new hand" who is the argus-eyed critic set to watch Judge McDougall, Col. Denison, or whoever the judge or justice may be. And many a severe drubbing the new hand has administered to these gentlemen, and if they do not laugh ho, ho! at whatever the newspapers say of them, it is a marvel.

Each of the four morning papers sends a young man to report, say, a sitting of the County Court of an afternoon. One of them, usually the one not yet posted on the expert



and remain in existence. The towns are useful to the farmer, and the farmer should yield to the extent of permitting the townsman a living, but if he refuses this common-sense compromise and votes for a still lower tariff it will tax everybody without protecting anybody; then I shall be in favor of absolute free trade, no excise department, no customs department, nothing. This will be an Enigrants' tariff. You may say that this would be a rash experiment, that we would be forced to direct taxation without gaining the benefit of an influx of population. Without having looked very deeply into the subject, it seems to me that if this is the cheapest country in the world to live in, and we are getting just as high a price for our output as any other people in the world, we would necessarily attract population. Of course it would injure the towns at the start, but if we have plenty of people we will have big cities. This is true of every nation in the world. And we would be following the sound principle of populating our farms before trying to sell town lots at a thousand dollars a foot. I wish I could bring this point before the farmer, coupled with the question of where he would be in such a deal. There is no necessity of arguing it out; let every rational farmer think it out for himself. Under our present tariff the manufacturers are fighting for an existence; under an Enigrants' tariff like that the workingman and the farmer would be struggling for supremacy. It would be a nation of farmers, the competition would be between farmers; it might be a nation of workingmen, who would come hither because they could live cheaply. The manufacturer would be out of the fight, in the commercial cemetery probably, but if his spirit had the privilege of observing the struggle that his old-time critics were having he would not be sorry that he was out of the *melee*.

Band concerts in the Park may seem to many an extravagance if paid for by the city, yet I hope utilitarianism will not swamp all the artistic and educational tendencies of Toronto. Economy, and the most rigid sort of economy, should be practiced, and can be practiced without injuring the administration of our countless by-laws or the well-being of the municipality. Toronto cannot afford to become forgetful of the fact that she is naturally one of the most attractive cities in the world, and that a great many of her citizens spend their money in rural and unattractive localities during the summer for the sake of an outing. Toronto itself is one of the coolest summer resorts that I know of, and has many comforts and amusements lacking in smaller places and less favored localities, and with a little enterprise and the expenditure of a small amount of money it could be made superbly attractive. That music is a great attraction needs no argument. Let a band pass through the street and the fact that an immense crowd is following it and that a face is at every window along the line of march demonstrates that music has still power to charm the average breast. If a civic grant were allowed, the money would be well spent if our best bands were engaged. If seats are erected and five or ten cents charged for the use of them, I have no doubt that enough money would be obtained to pay the price of an extra band or two. I notice that "Citizen" and "Pro Bono Publico," and others of the capacious sort are already writing to the newspapers and saying that the parks are public places and that no such charge should be made. What they have written strikes me as most extraordinary rubbish, for the whole city will be able to hear the band, and to hear it very cheaply too, if those on a few seats adjacent to the band-stand pay the expense. Personally I would prefer to be fifty or a hundred yards distant, but if there are sufficient who desire to be in close proximity to the music let them pay for it and the too rare comfort of a seat while in a park. We should make our parks as attractive as possible in summer in order to hold our own population during the hot months. Moreover, our whole endeavor should be concentrated on inducing outsiders to take up their residence with us during the dog-days. We must offer them some amusement, and certainly we could provide no cheaper entertainment than band concerts. I know a German city where three hand concerts a day are given. The members of the orchestra are hired for life, and the privilege of hearing the band within a certain enclosure costs some seven or eight dollars a year for the head of the family, and about two and a half a year for each other member of the family. The band or orchestra, or whatever we may see fit to call it, plays every day without regard to rain or sunshine, and the subscriptions from the strangers and the citizens are so large that not only is the band paid from this fund, but all the public parks and streets used by visitors are cared for and sanded after a rain and cleaned, and still a surplus is left. It would seem almost incredible if a correct statement of the immense fund derived from this source were offered, yet the facts are sufficient to convince anyone who is not eaten up of the idea that music except when played in a church is wicked, of the profitability of entertaining those who visit us and making the city as attractive as possible to those who pay taxes therein. If we are too poor to hire the bands outright, let some revenue be created by the sale of reserved seats. At any rate, let us have the band concerts.

Don.

Prince Bismarck is usually depicted as a very stern and serious man, though some time ago he showed himself in a new light. There was a children's party at the palace, and the Crown Prince was anxious that the ex-Chancellor should take a partner and join in one of the dances. "No, I'm too old to dance," said Bismarck; "but I'll tell you what I'll do—I don't mind playing the organ." And a few minutes later the Emperor entered the room, to discover a crowd of little folks busily engaged in dancing, while Bismarck was vigorously turning the handle of a barrel-organ that had been provided for their amusement.

An old lady having been told of the theory of the moon being inhabited remarked, with emphasis, "Nonsense! What becomes of the people when there is nothing but a little streak of light?"

### Social and Personal.

An extremely smart crowd was in attendance at the Victoria Dramatic Club theatricals and dance in Dovercourt Hall on Thursday evening of last week. The presentation of the plays was extremely good, and after the affair was over and the actresses and actors had repeatedly bowed acknowledgments, the hall was quickly cleared for a dance. Scores of bright and beautiful women graced the occasion, and everything was a complete success. The refreshments were served, as usual, in the upper landing, and the music was very inspiring. Among those present I remarked a large party from the city, chaperoned by Mrs. Walker, and including: Mr. J. Morton, Miss Stella Morton, who was very prettily gowned, and Miss Nellie Macdonald, in white silk and lace, with overdress of tulle; Mrs. Walter Andrews wore a pretty pale blue gown; Miss Ebel Palin was in buttercup yellow; Miss Montgomery in an effective gown of white with black velvet trimmings; Mrs. Galbraith wore black *moire*; Miss Paemie Smith was trimly gowned in heliotrope and deep white lace; Mrs. A. M. M. Kirkpatrick looked extremely well in black and pale pink; Mrs. Willie Dansford wore white silk with pink sleeves; the Misses Heward wore simple and pretty frocks of muslin; Miss Skae wore a lovely pink gown with very large puffed sleeves; Miss Ellis looked extremely pretty in white striped gauze; Miss Morphy wore a dainty blue accordion-pleated frock, her sister being charmingly attired in white; Miss Hugel wore a rich gown of pale pink gauze; Miss Winnie Thomson wore a pure white gown; Mrs. Pringle wore black, which prettily contrasted with her golden hair; Mrs. Pyne was gowned in black, with mauve trimmings; Miss Jean White of Woodstock was in pure white dotted *lisse*, and Mrs. Oliphant also wore white and violets; Miss Amy Laing was very sweet in pale blue, with velvet sleeves; Miss Maule wore black; Miss Forsyth was much admired in a pale gray gown; Miss Mabel Morrison looked very girlish and pretty in a lovely pale pink gown; Mrs. Machray was charming in black; Miss Jardine-Thomson wore a pretty white Empire gown; Miss Milligan was in pale mauve; Mrs. Jack Tarbutt wore a very handsome pale blue satin gown with silver girdle. Many another gown was remarkably bright and pretty, but the merry party did not seem to be troubled about any rivalry in *les affaires de toilette*; all were there to enjoy themselves and right well did they do so. The only drawback to the pleasure seemed to be the dusty condition of the floor, which was very evident when the dancing began.

Mrs. J. G. Thompson of Rosedale and her two children sailed last Saturday from Halifax by the Parisian. They will spend the summer in Europe.

The dog show at the Granite Rink was one of the interesting events of last week. A few society people evinced much interest in the exhibited doggies, but the enthusiasm over the



faithful canine does not seem to engross society here as it does in some larger cities. The dogs shown, however, well repaid a visit, and several well known exhibitors were successful in obtaining prizes.

Rev. Edwin Day of England (formerly of Holy Trinity church, Toronto), is expecting his daughter, Mrs. George Hakes of Barrie, with her little son, to visit her father and her Fatherland.

Mr. T. E. Robertson, private secretary to Mr. H. A. Massey, was, on the eve of his marriage this week, presented with a handsome silver tea set by the Messrs. Massey. He was also the recipient of an address and a costly china tea set from his associates on the office staff of the Massey-Harris Co.

Mrs. Sweny of Rouillon gave a tea on Thursday afternoon to a number of smart people. Always bright and kind, Mrs. Sweny makes an ideal hostess and her tea was one of the pleasant affairs of the post-Lenten season.

Many of the Southern tourists have returned. The Misses Beatty are home. Miss Ada Arthur also returned a few days ago. Mr. and Mrs. Joe Beatty are back, and so is Mrs. Myles. But quite a number are also booked for a European tour.

On the three later evenings of last week a delightful company entertained numbers of smart people at the Grand with a perfectly charming play. Americans Abroad seemed to please our smart people, for they laughed immoderately at it. Among those in the stalls on Friday evening were: Mrs. John Cawthra and Mrs. FitzGibbon, Capt. and Mrs. H. M. Pellatt, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra, Mr. Gray, Miss Hees, Mr. and Miss Bunting, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Dugan, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. D. Armstrong and many others. Mr. Conger was welcomed by his Toronto friends with enthusiasm.

Mr. and Mrs. Blackwell have taken Professor Ramsay Wright's house. This beautiful home will no doubt be very popular under the man-

agement of Mrs. Blackwell, who has already made many friends in Toronto since her arrival.

Mrs. Gooderham of Waveney has returned home.

A very jolly party, numbering some twenty or thirty ladies and gentlemen, left Toronto on Monday morning by special car to attend the wedding of Mr. John Lugsdin and Miss Marguerite Victoria Brown, daughter of Mr. John Brown of Pontypool, Lindsay. About one hundred guests assembled at the old home-stand to witness the marriage. The bride was beautifully gowned in cream bengaline and was attended by Miss Edna McNaught, daughter of Mr. W. K. McNaught of Toronto, and Mr. James Williamson acted as best man. Rev. Mr. Oswald officiated and was assisted by Rev. Dr. Thomas. Among those present from Toronto were: Rev. Dr. Thomas, Mrs. and Miss Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Lugsdin, Mr. and Mrs. Horace and Miss Ida Lugsdin, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. McNaught and Mr. Harvey McNaught, Mr. and Mrs. George Lugsdin, Mr. Harry Lugsdin, Miss Lugsdin, Miss C. Lugsdin, Prof. and Mrs. Shuttleworth, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lugsdin, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Lugsdin and Mr. James Williamson. The bridal party returned on the same train with the guests to Toronto, whence they took train for New York.

At Association Hall on several evenings this week a good many nice people have attended the Oriental entertainments, and express themselves as being very much pleased therewith.

Mrs. John Cawthra returned from the West last week.

At the cooking contest held in Ottawa last week the first prize for nine recipes, with cost of each article, was won by "Kitty," the *nom de guerre* of Mrs. T. Alder Bliss, who is, as everyone knows, the daughter of Canon and Mrs. DuMoulin of Toronto. The judge said: "In choosing 'Kitty' as the first prize winner, I think we decided on the most meritorious contributor. I think her contribution the best, because she gave the most variety and most nutritious viands at reasonable quotations, besides conforming with every rule."

A complimentary *musical* was given to Madame Stuttaford on Thursday evening by her pupils, under the direction of Mr. H. C. Arnold.

Large numbers of nice people have attended the House during evening sessions this week. The ladies' and speaker's galleries present quite a holiday appearance when filled, as is a nightly occurrence, with bright and stylish people.

The New York farce, or more properly variety piece, *A Trip to Chinatown*, attracted some fine audiences this week. Though box parties were not popular, a large number of society people were in the stalls, who looked decidedly bored and a wee bit shocked at some of the so-called funny business. Among the Wednesday night audience were: Dr. and Mrs. Kertland, Mr. and Mrs. Rowan Kertland, Miss Kertland, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Heineman, Mr. Laurie, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, Mr. C. H. and the Misses Gooderham, Judge Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Riordan, Mrs. Proctor, and a number of others.

Mr. Ernest Scovell left this week for Cape Town, South Africa, a trip which entails a sea voyage of a month in duration.

Miss Rhea Heinch of Homewood avenue wheeled to Aurora and back one day this week.

Lord Rosebery, England's Prime Minister, has a family connection with Canada, his uncle, the Hon. Francis Ward Primrose, having been for many years a practicing barrister at Quebec, in which city he died in May, 1860. On the last visit which Sir John A. Macdonald paid to England, he was the guest of Lord Rosebery.

A very pleasant birthday party was given at the residence of Mr. Frost, Deer Park, on Monday last, celebrating the anniversary of the birthday of Mr. Fred Frost, and also by a happy coincidence that of Miss Lena Maxwell, a friend and neighbor.

St. George's church was on Tuesday the scene of another interesting society event, the marriage of Mr. Stephen Baldwin and Miss Emily Murray. The wedding was a quiet one, though the bride and groom being so well known in social circles a large number of spectators were present. Miss Murray's bridal dress was of a white fancy material, striped with satin, and she wore a veil of tulle. After the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Canon Cayley, the bridal party were driven to the residence of the bride's parents, 235 Spadina avenue, where the breakfast was served and congratulations offered by many friends. The day was so lovely that the idea of gas-light was abandoned and the blinds were raised so that sunshine bright and golden illuminated the rooms. The young people have the heartiest good wishes of a large circle of friends.

Mrs. MacMahon of Balmuto street has removed to No. 24 Gloucester street. I hear Mrs. Williams of St. Catharines (nee MacMahon) is expected shortly on a visit to her mother.

The sad affliction which has fallen upon Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Fortier of 37 Murray street, in the loss of their children by scarlet fever, has roused the sympathy of a large number of friends, among whom Mr. Fortier has always been very popular. The interesting little son, Duke, who died on Sunday last, was a member of Grace church choir, and on Easter Sunday sang a beautiful solo. It was a great shock to everyone to hear of his very sad and sudden death.

"When we lose our money," said a bright society woman the other day, "I shall set up a tea-room," and she proceeded to explain the inaccessibility of a good and simple cup of tea in this Toronto of ours. You get it boiled and with milk in it at one first-class restaurant; you have to climb upstairs for it at another. Here and there you get watery milk and Samson-like bouillon of tea-leaves; nowhere that we know of can the society dame loiter in a cosy rocker and indulge in a fresh, fragrant cup of tea with cream, and surroundings calculated to rest the brain tired with planning and shopping and

chattering. But when this clever lady loses her fortune (which one prays may be never), we are to have a cosy tea-room, close to the busy downtown corner, and the muslin curtains are to be always fresh, the cushions large and frequent, the service dainty and refined. In the meantime why can't someone who is not at present encumbered by a fortune start a tea-room of a prettiness and quality to satisfy the elect?

The absurd superstition against marriages in May has no power over sensible, modern thought, and in proof of this I am told of no less than three marriages which will take place in the merry month. When pagan rites and strong church tradition tabooed the May nuptials, the fairest month in the year was left desolate, but good sense and freedom from bondage have resulted in a number of May weddings, some of which will shortly be held. One of these, in fact, will be the wedding of a very successful young parson of an east side church, who goes to Halifax to win his bonnie bride.

At a concert given in Christ church school-house, Deer Park, on Tuesday evening last, Miss Constance Falls, a young lady of evident natural ability and considerable personal attractions, made her *debut* as an amateur elocutionist. Her selection, *Whistling in Heaven*, was highly appreciated by a critical audience. Miss Falls, who is eighteen years of age, is a daughter of the late Major W. H. Falls of Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Ashdown of 28 Ulster street left on Wednesday for a three months' sojourn at Old Point Comfort, Virginia. They will shortly be joined by Miss Amy Scott, sister of Mrs. Ashdown, who is at present staying with Mrs. George Jaffray of Spadina avenue.

Invitations are out for the wedding of Miss Bessie Dyas and Mr. Hugh C. McLean, at St. John's church, on May 2, at 5.30, to be followed by a reception at 4 Widmer street.

The French Club—*Les Hiboux*—will meet at Mrs. Bourlier's residence, 102 Wellesley street, this evening.

Mrs. John Morley Kerr will be at home to her friends on Wednesday and Thursday, April 25 and 26, at 446 Jarvis street.

Mrs. W. Hewson of Niagara Falls gave a most delightful dance on Friday evening of last week in honor of her young guest, Miss Edna Jones of Buffalo. Among those present were noticed: Misses Rogers, Slater, F. Houston, Preston, M. Hill, Johnson, Bartle, and Messrs. Woodruff, Rogers, Tench, Slater, Hill, Dargaval and E. Houston.

Dr. Britton will return from New York, where he has been taking a course at the Polytechnic, about April 24. He will remain in town for a few days only, prior to going to England.

The marriage of Mr. G. A. Peaker and Miss Carrie Essery in the Parkdale Methodist church on Wednesday evening was an event of great interest in the Flowery suburb. Fully two thousand people witnessed the ceremony performed by Rev. E. E. Scott, pastor of the church. The bride wore a pretty dress of soft white silk, with veil and orange blossoms, and was attended by Miss Adell of Knoxville, Tennessee, U.S., and Miss Boyd of Parkdale, looking lovely in gowns of pink and blue *crepe*. Dr. Peaker and Mr. Fred Southcoate were best men. A reception and *dejeuner* at the family residence, 93 Macdonell avenue, followed the ceremony. Many congratulations were received from distant friends in Canada and the United States. With one or two exceptions only family relatives were among the guests. Mr. George Essery and Mr. Peaker, brothers of the bride and groom respectively, officiated as ushers at the church. A family bible was presented the young couple by the trustees, as it was the first wedding held in the church. The bride was presented by her friends with numerous costly and useful gifts.

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## Social and Personal.

Port Hope society invariably assembles in full force at the invitation of Miss Helen S. Paterson, and when one of her theatrical evenings is announced, all favored with invitations make an effort to attend. On Wednesday evening, April 11, Miss Paterson, assisted by several friends, entertained a large and fashionable company by the presentation of the celebrated operatic comedy, *Our Wife*. Miss Paterson as the Rosine of the comedy was admired as the fair Rose of Amlens and in her cultured vocal numbers. Miss Spooner, Miss Martin and Miss Monnell enacted their roles very prettily and sang charmingly. Miss Louise Farquharson as Mariette was the life of the play, entering into the spirit of the comedy and carrying the audience into transports of mirth. Mr. R. J. Mackie's handsome stage presence suited well the character of the haughty but sincere Marquis de Ligny. His acting was very natural and his lines were read with telling effect. The utterances of the impulsive and passionate Count de Brissac and the many ridiculous and dramatic situations which confront him, afforded Mr. W. F. Traves, who played the part, full scope for his versatile talents. Mr. E. H. S. Farquharson as Pomaret, the ambitious but "shabby" old mercer, enacted his role very cleverly. His expressive countenance, sly by-play and serio-comic earnestness never flagged, and he made a decided hit in the part. Mr. W. B. Sloan as Dumont, and Mr. W. Paterson as a musketeer, were excellent in their respective parts. The choruses, vocal solos, gavottes and other specialties were introduced with pretty effect. The costumes, which were from the wardrobe of the Newmarket theater, were very elegant and lent a charm to the performance. The staging of the play, which was under the direction of Mr. W. F. Traves, was managed with every attention to detail and picturesqueness of scenes and tableaux. The play was immediately followed by supper, after which dancing beguiled several hours. Among the guests who were present I noticed: Mrs. Charles Paterson, Miss Paterson, Mrs. Spooner, Miss Spooner, Mrs. J. Eudore Painschaud of Montreal, Mrs. Robertson of Toronto, Mrs. E. Shepherd, Mrs. Murray Farquharson, Mrs. W. Mackie, Miss Sanders, Miss McLennan, Miss Robertson, Miss Perks, Miss Furbur, Miss Monnell, Miss Lottie Martin, Miss Dayell, Miss Beatrice Smith, Miss Bryson, Miss Bletcher, Miss Farquharson, Miss Cameron, Miss Brown, Miss Annie Paterson, Mayor Ward, Dr. Corbett, Messrs. E. J. Baird, J. H. McLennan, J. Sanders, E. H. S. Farquharson, Walter Collins of Millbrook, V. A. Hall, W. B. Sloan, W. F. Traves, Walter Renwick, W. Paterson, E. Paterson and many others.

The conviviality of undergraduates is common information, but an ancient custom of Victoria University in sending out the senior class on a good dinner, adds much to the interest of such an occasion as the annual complimentary dinner to the graduating class of Victoria University. On Friday evening of last week as many of the undergrads, as were not preparing for Divinity exams, with a large number of both old and young graduates, sat down to one of Webb's characteristic dinners. On the menu card, gotten up in excellent taste, appeared two Victorian dishes, special in more than name. A master-stroke of printer's art arranged the college colors across the card. The after-math ordinary terms of description but weakly represent the witty repartee, the elevated puns, the original stories and the antique jokes. Hon. Justice Rose presided with grace, offering witty reminiscences of his own college days that were well received. Solos were interspersed through a programme of successive flights of eloquence. The seniors when called on neglected not the opportunity, but poured words of excellent advice into unheeding ears. The chief item of interest, however, was the presentation of the senior stick, a gift in the disposal of the incoming fourth year. Mr. A. A. Shepard, who has proved himself worthy of the honor, handed it over to Mr. J. F. Boyce, who replied appreciatively to words of counsel. A few bold spirits survived the lengthy programme and wended a silent way up Yonge street at a somewhat early hour. The committee is to be congratulated on the success of the evening; long speeches are beyond their domain.

It is whispered that there will be a number of beautiful costumes worn in the Harmony Club's production of *Nanon* this year. I hear more particularly of a magnificent riding costume and court dress of Louis XIV.'s time, to be worn by Ninon; also some confections in the shape of peasant gowns by Nanon and her attendant maids. There will be a squad of lovely girl drummers in jaunty uniforms of tan color, slashed with scarlet, broad hats with feathers, and tan leggings. They will be offered by Bombardine (Miss Edith Heward), and cannot fail to attract.

The following are the lady chaperones of the Harmony Club, some of whom attend every rehearsal: Mrs. J. Herbert Mason, Mrs. Boulton, Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, Mrs. Henry Duggan, Mrs. J. Kerr O'borne, Mrs. George Dickson, Mrs. Charles Riddan, Mrs. Somerville, Mrs. Skae and Mrs. Chadwick.

Dr. and Mrs. Wagner gave a most enjoyable musicale on Friday evening of last week in honor of their friend, Mrs. (Dr.) Burgess, who is on a short visit from Montreal. The music was delightful and highly appreciated by the guests. Some of those who kindly contributed towards the programme were: Miss Ella Patterson, who sang with her usual grace; the pianist was Miss Burke, whose execution does her great credit; the violinists were Herr Kuchenmeister, who has already won for himself a name in Toronto, and his pupil, Mr. Charles Wagner, son of the host and hostess, who played with very much style and expression. After the musical part of the evening the guests adjourned to the dining-room, where they enjoyed a very dainty supper, and retired feeling highly gratified with the musical treat.

On Saturday last Mrs. E. T. Malone gave a charming little progressive euchre party, one

of a series. A few of those present were: Dr. and Miss Capon, Dr. Trow, Mr. and Mrs. Trow, the Misses McClung, the Misses Morphy, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Lugadin, Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. C. A. B. Brown.

The last meeting of the Literary Society of the School of Pedagogy was held on Friday afternoon of last week. The programme was one of the most interesting that has been given in the society during the season. The literary part of the programme was composed chiefly of a discussion on Canadian poets, but one of the most pleasing features consisted of the recitations given by Miss Louise McKibbin, a graduate of Prof. Brown's School of Oratory. Miss McKibbin's selections were of a high order, and the dramatic ability with which they were rendered showed her to be a most finished elocutionist. That she won the approval of the audience was shown by the hearty encores she received.

Messrs. James Bain & Son, the well known King street stationers, wish us to announce that they will be pleased to send a copy of their little booklet on the Etiquette of Calling Cards, for ladies and gentlemen, to any address, gratis, on application. This little society guide has already been noticed in this column and will no doubt have a large distribution.

Miss Ross of St. Vincent street gave a delightful luncheon party on Thursday in honor of Miss Helen MacLaren of Ottawa. Among those present were: Miss MacLaren, Mrs. Arthur Mowat, the Misses Kemp, Miss Kennedy, Miss Laing, Miss Smith, and Mrs. Orr Hastings.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gowans, Miss Jessie Wood and Miss Elsie Gowans of 533 Jarvis street left on Monday, April 9, via New York, for an extended trip to Europe.

Mr. Edmund Gosse has been soothsaying on the future of fiction. He thinks the short story will become permanent and that the long novel has had its day. As for the various schools of story-telling, Mr. Gosse holds that the art must renew its youth by communing with its primitive elements—the psychological analysis of Richardson, the frolicsome fancy of Sterne, the naturalism of Fielding, and the romance of Smollett. Mr. Gosse made this interesting statement as a prelude to a lecture by Mr. Hubert Crackanthorpe; but it is not easy to say what inspiration the author of *Wreckage*, who is a distinct personality in the art of short stories, has derived from the primitive elements. There is very little akin, for example, between Fielding's naturalism and Mr. Crackanthorpe's, and it would be extremely difficult to write a frolicsome short story on the model of Sterne without seeming out of date. The whole mental attitude of fiction nowadays is different from that which prevailed when the great object of the novelist was to pack his pages with incident.

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"Two Thanksgivings in one year," is the way it looks to the chickens along Coxe's line of march. —*Buffalo Express.*



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Misses' Dongola Strap Slippers, sizes 11 to 2, worth 90c., reduced to 75c.  
Misses' Dongola Oxfords, patent tip, sizes 11 to 2, worth \$1.50; sale price, 75c.  
Girls' American Kid Button Boots, spring heel, worth \$1; sale price 75c.

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# The People of the Mist

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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## CHAPTER XXXI.

### THE WHITE DAWN.

Lifting Juanna in his arms, Leonard hurried from the sleeping-apartment to the throne-room, where he stood hesitating, for he did not know what was to happen next. So, who had preceded him, stood surrounded by the four priests and with a torch in her hand, against that wall of the chamber where she had lain bound on the night of the dragging of Otter.

"Bald-pate has fainted with fear; he is a coward," she said to the priests, pointing to the burden in Leonard's arms. "Open the secret way and let us pass on."

Then a priest came forward and pressed upon a stone in the wall, which gave way, leaving a space sufficiently large for him to insert his hand and pull upon some hidden mechanism with all his force, though upon a pivot, revealing a flight of steps, beyond which ran a narrow passage. So descended them first, bearing the light, which she was careful to hold in such a way as to keep the figure of Leonard and the burden that he bore in comparative darkness, and after her went two priests, followed by Leonard, carrying Juanna, the rear being brought up by the remaining priests, who closed the secret door behind them.

"So that is how it is done," thought Leonard to himself, turning his head to watch the process, no detail of which escaped him.

Otter, who had followed Leonard from Juanna's chamber, saw them go, though from some little distance, for, like a cat, Otter could see in the dark. When the rock had closed again he returned to Francisco, who sat upon the bed lost in prayer or thought.

"I have seen how they make a hole in the wall," he said, "and pass through it. Doubtless our comrades, the Settlement men, went by that way. Say, shall we try it?"

"What is the use, Otter?" answered the priest. "The road leads only to the dungeons of the temple, and if we got so far we would be caught there, and everything would be discovered, including this trick," and he pointed to the robe of Aca, which he wore.

"That is true," said Otter. "Come, then, let us go and sit upon the thrones and wait till they fetch us."

So they went to the great chairs and sat themselves down in them, listening to the tramp of the guards outside the doorway. Here Francisco resumed his prayers, while Otter sang songs of the deeds that he had done, and more especially a very long one which he had composed upon the taking of the slave camp, "to keep his heart alive," as he explained to Francisco.

A quarter of an hour passed and the curtains were drawn aside, when a band of priests entered, headed by Otter, and between them two litters, having high curtains.

"Now silence, Otter," whispered Francisco, drawing his hood over his face.

"Here sit the gods," said Nam, waving the torch that he bore toward the quiet figures on the thrones. "Ascend, ye gods, that we may hear you to the temple and set you in a lofty place, whence you may watch the glories of the rising sun."

Then, without more ado, Otter and Francisco came down from their seats and took their places in the litters. Presently they felt themselves being borne forward at a considerable speed. When they were outside the palace gates Otter peeped through the curtain in the hope of perceiving some change in the weather.

In vain; the mist was denser than usual, although it grew gray with the light of the coming dawn. Now they were at those gates of the temple that were nearest to the colossal idol, and here, at the mouth of one of the numerous underground passages, guards assisted them to descend.

"Farewell, Queen," said the voice of Olfan in Francisco's ear. "I have given my life to save you; as it is, I live to avenge you upon Nam and all his servants."

Francisco made no answer, but pressed on down the passage, holding his head low. Soon they were at the foot of the idol, and led by priests, began to ascend the stairway in the interior of the statue. Up they toiled slowly in the utter darkness; indeed, to Francisco this, the last journey of his life, seemed the longest.

At length they emerged upon the head of the colossus, where neither of them had been before. It formed a flat platform about eight feet square, quite unprotected at the edges, beneath which the outlines of the sculptured head curved sheerly. The ivory throne where Juanna had sat when first she visited the temple was gone, and instead of it, placed at the very verge of the forehead, were two wooden stools upon which the victims must seat themselves. From this horrible elevation could be seen that narrow space of rock between the feet of the colossus and the wall of the pool where stood the stone altar, although owing to the slope of the head, he who stood upon it almost overhung the waters of the pool.

Otter and Francisco seated themselves on the stools, and behind them Nam and three other priests took their stand, Nam placing himself in such a position that his companions could not see anything of him, and his slight form, which they believed to be that of the Shepherdess.

"Hold me, Otter," whispered Francisco. "My senses will leave me, and I shall fall."

"Shut your eyes and lean back, then you will see nothing," answered Otter. Moreover, make ready your medicine, for the time is at hand."

"It is ready," he answered. "May I be forgiven the sin, for I cannot bear to be hurled living to the Snake."

Otter made no answer, but set himself to watch the scene beneath. The air was filled with mist that from the great height looked like smoke, and through this veil he could distinguish the black and moving mass of the thousands of the audience, who had sat the long night through, waiting to witness the consummation of the tragedy, while about the sides of the temple, the voices of the four priests, or executioners, in a solemn, silent line, their eyes fixed upon the gray mist, while above them, around them and beneath them was sheer and giddy space. It was a hideous position, heightened by every terror that man and nature can command, and even the intrepid dwarf, who feared neither death nor devil, and over whom religious doubts had no power, began to feel his chilling influence grip his heart.

As for Francisco, such mind as he had left to him was taken up with fervent prayer, so it is possible that he did not suffer so much as might have been expected.

Five minutes or more passed thus; then a voice spoke from the mist below, saying: "Are those who are named Aca and Jal on high, O priest?"

"They are on high," answered Nam.

"Is it yet the hour of dawn, O priest?" said the voice again, and this time Otter knew it for that of the spokesman of the elders.

"Not yet a while," answered Nam, and turning he glanced up toward the snow peak that towered thousands of feet into the air behind them. Indeed every eye in that vast assembly was staring at this peak, although at present its gigantic outline could only be seen dimly because of the mist, like the shape of a man buried in a swirling sheet of snow. Here, upon the loftiest precipices of the mountain, the full light of morning struck first and struck always, for they soared far above the level of the mist wreaths, and by its character this people judged the weather of the new-born day. If the snow was rosy-red, then they knew that

the sun would shine upon them, though perhaps not yet a while. If, on the other hand, it shone cold and white, or still more, gray, it was a sign that the coming day would be misty in the city and on the plains. Therefore in this, the hour of the trial of the gods whom they had set up, all eyes watched the mountain peak to see if it should show white or red as they had never watched before.

Very gradually the light increased, and it seemed to Otter that the mist was somewhat thinner than was usual at this hour, though as yet it hung densely between them and the mountain snow. Now he could trace the walls of the amphitheatre, now he could see the black shimmer of the water beneath, and distinguish the glitter of many hundreds of up-turned eyeballs as they gazed at him and beyond him. The silence grew more and more intense, for none spoke or moved; all were waiting to see the light fall upon the slope of snow, and wondering would it be red or white. Would the gods die or live? So intense and fearful did it grow indeed, unbroken as it was even by breath of air or the calling of a bird, that Otter could bear it no longer, but suddenly burst out into song.

He had a fine deep voice, and it was a Zulu war-song that he sang, a triumphant chant of the ruin of conquering empire interwoven with the wails of women and the groans of the dying. Louder, louder he sang, stamping his naked feet upon the rock, while the people wondered at the marvel. Surely this was a god, they thought, who could sing thus exultingly in strange tongue while men waited to see him cast into the jaws of the Snake. No man about to die so soon and thus could find the heart to sing, and much less could he sing such a song as that they heard.

"He is a god," cried a voice far away, and the cry was echoed on every side till at length, on a sudden, men grew silent, and Otter ceased from his singing, for he had turned his head and seen. Lo! the veil of mist that hid the mountain's upper snow grew thin—it was the moment of dawn, but would it be a red dawn, or a white? Suddenly the vapors disappeared from the peak, though they still lay thick upon the slopes below, and in their place were seen its smooth and shining outlines clothed in their cloak of everlasting snows.

The ordeal was ended. No touch of color, no golden sunbeam or crimson shadow stained the ghastly surface of the snow; they were pallid as the faces of the dead.

"A white dawn! A white dawn!" roared the populace. "Away with the false gods. Hurl them to the Snake!"

"It is finished," whispered Otter again into Francisco's ear; "now take your medicine, and friend, farewell."

The priest heard and turned his tormented face in which the soft eyes shone upwards towards the heavens, clasping his thin hands together. For some seconds he sat thus; then Otter, peering beneath his hood, saw his countenance change, and he knew that he seemed to come upon it as it had come when, for the sake of the woman whom he loved, Francisco promised to do the deed that now he was about to dare. Again there was silence below, for the spokesman of the council of elders had seen that he was crying the formal question to the priest above: "Is the dawn white or red, ye who stand on high?"

Nam turned and looked upon the snow. "The dawn is fully dawned and it is white," he answered.

"Be swift," whispered Otter into Francisco's ear once more.

Then the priest, the glory still shining on his face, unclasped his hands and put one of them to his lips, as though to partake of the sacrament of death. A moment later he let it fall again with a sigh, whispering back to Otter, "I cannot, it is a deadly sin. Let them kill me, for I will not kill myself." Then before the dwarf could answer, Nature, more merciful than his conscience, did that for Francisco which he refused to do for himself, for of a sudden he swooned. His face turned ashen and slowly he began to sink backwards, so that he would have fallen had not Nam, who saw that he had fainted with fear, caught him by the shoulders and held him upright.

"The dawn is white. We see it with our eyes," answered the spokesman of the elders. "Ye who stand on high, cast down the false gods according to the judgment of the People of the Mist."

Otter heard and knew that the moment had come to leap, for now he need trouble himself with Francisco no more. Swiftly he turned his head, looking at Nam, for he would know if he might carry out a purpose that he had formed. It was to seize the high priest and bear him to the depths below.

No, it was not possible, he was out of reach; moreover, were he to snatch him away, Francisco would fall backwards, and the others might see that this was not the Shepherdess. He stood up upon his feet, kicking the stool of which he had sat off the platform, and watching its flight. It fell into the water, never touching the rock, and then Otter knew that he had planned well.

Now Nam and one priest seized the fainting form of Francisco, and the other two stepped towards him. The dwarf waited till their hands were outstretched to grasp him, then suddenly sprang at the man upon his right, and shouting aloud, "Come thou with me," he gripped him about the middle in his iron grasp, and putting out at his stretch, hurled him self and his burden into sheer space beneath.

The priest shrieked aloud, and a gasp of wonder went up from the watching thousands as the dwarf and his victim rushed downward like a stone. They cleared the edge of the pool by an inch or two, no more, and struck the boiling water, sinking theough them till Otter thought that they would never rise again. But at last they did rise. Then Otter loosed the dead or senseless priest, and at that moment the body of Francisco, cast thither by Nam, struck the water beside him and straightway vanished.

Otter loosed his grip, and diving beneath the surface swam hard for the north side of the pool, for there he had noticed that the current was the least strong, and there also the rock bank overhung a little. He reached it safely, and rising once more grasped a knob of rock with one hand, and lay still where in the shadow and the swirl of waters he could not be discovered by any watching from above. First he breathed deeply and moved his limbs; it was well, he was unhurt. The priest whom he had taken with him, being heavier, had met the water first, so that though the leap was so great the shock had been little.

"Ha!" said Otter to himself, "thus far my Spirit has been with me, and here I could lie for hours and never be seen. But there is still the Snake to deal with," and hastily he seized the weapon that he had constructed out of the two knives, and unwound a portion of the cord that was made fast about his middle. Then again he looked across the surface of the waters. Some ten fathoms from him, in the exact center of the whirlpool, the body of the priest was still visible, for the vortex bore it round and round, but of Francisco there was nothing to be seen. Only thirty feet above him Otter could see lines of heads bending over the rocky edges of the pool and gazing at the priest as he was tossed about like a straw in an eddy.

"Now, if he is still there and awake," thought Otter, "surely the father of the crocodiles will take this bait; therefore I shall do best to be still a while and see what happens."

As he reflected thus a louder shout than any he had heard before reached his ears from the multitude in the temple above him, so tumultuous a shout, indeed, that for a few moments

even the turmoil of the waters was lost in it. "Now what chances up there, I wonder," thought Otter again. Then his attention was distracted in a somewhat unpleasant fashion.

This was the cause of the shout: A miracle, or what the People of the Mist took to be a miracle, had come about; for suddenly, for the first time within the memory of man, the white dawn had changed to red. Blood-red was the snow upon the mountain, and lo! its peaks were turned to fire. For a while all who witnessed this phenomenon stood aghast, then there arose that babel which had reached the ears of Otter as he lurked under the bank of rock.

"The gods have been sacrificed unjustly," yelled the people. "They are true gods, for see, the dawn is red!"

The situation was curious and most unexpected, but Nam, who had not been high priest for more than fifty years for nothing, rose to the occasion.

"This is a marvel indeed!" he cried when silence had at length been restored; "for no such thing is told of in our history as that a white dawn upon the mountain should turn to red. Yet, O People of the Mist, those whom we thought gods have not been offered up wrongfully. Nay, this is the meaning of the sign: now are the true gods, Aca and Jal, appeased, because those who dared to usurp their power have gone down to doom. Therefore the curse is lifted from the land and the sunlight has come back to bless us."

Again, as he finished speaking, the tumult broke out, some crying this thing and some that, but no action was taken, for Nam's excuse was ready and plausible and the minds of men were confused. So the assembly broke up in disorder; only the priests and as many more as could find place, Olfan being among them, crowded round the edge of the pool to see what happened in its depths.

This was what had attracted Otter's notice, causing him to think no more of the shouting above him than of the humming of last year's goats. Suffering his eyes to travel round the circumference of the rocky wall, he saw the mouth of a circular hole that was situated immediately under the base of the idol, and may have measured some eight feet in diameter. The lower edge of this hole stood about six inches above the level of the pool, and was evidently at certain seasons of the year, looking down this stream, half swimming and half waddling, appeared that huge and ungainly reptile which was the real object of the worship of the People of the Mist. Great as it was in length and bulk, the dwarf saw it but for a few moments, so swift were its movements; then it vanished into the deep waters, to reappear presently by the side of the dead priest, who was now beginning to sink. Its horrible head rose upon the waters as if that night when the woman had been thrown in to it; it opened its huge jaws, and, seizing the body of the man across the middle, it disappeared beneath the foam. Otter watched the mouth of the hole, and not in vain, for before he could have counted ten the monster was crawling through it, bearing its prey into the cave.

Now once more the dwarf felt afraid, for the Snake, or rather the crocodile, at close quarters was far more fearful than anything that his imagination had portrayed. Keeping his place beneath the ledge, which, except for the coldness of the water, he found himself able to do with little fatigue or difficulty, he searched the walls of the pool, seeking for some possible way of escape, for somehow his arduous personal conflict with this creature had evaporated. But search as he would he could find nothing; the walls were full thirty feet high and sloped inward, like the sides of an inverted funnel, and wherever the exits to the stream opened, the pool from below, notwithstanding his strength and skill Otter did not dare to swim into the furious eddy to look for them. One thing he noticed, indeed; immediately above the entrance to the crocodile's den, and some twenty feet from the level of the water, two holes were pierced in the rock, each about twelve inches square. But these holes were not to be reached, and even if reached they were too small to pass, so Otter thought no more of them.

Now the cold was beginning to nip him, and he thought that if he stayed in the water much longer he would become paralyzed by it, for it was fed from the ice and snow above. Therefore, it would seem that there was but one thing to do—to face the reptile in its lair. To this, then, Otter made up his mind, albeit with loathing and a doubtful heart.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

HOW OTTER FOUGHT THE WATER-DWELLER.

Keeping himself carefully under the overhanging ledge of the rock-bank, and holding the double-bladed knife ready in one hand, Otter swam to the mouth of the Snake's den. As he approached it he perceived by the great upward flow of the water that the real body of the monster lay not far from below, the hole where the crocodile lived being but a supplementary exit, which doubtless the river followed in times of flood.

He reached the mouth of the tunnel without any great difficulty, and watching his opportunity, lifted himself out of his hands and slipped through it quickly, for he did not desire to be seen by those who were gathered above. Nor, indeed, was he seen, for his red fringe and the goat-skin cloak had been washed away or cast off in the pool, and in that light his black body made little show against the black rock beneath.

Now he was inside the hole, and found himself crouching upon a bed of sand, or rather disintegrated rock, brought down by the waters. The gloom of the place was great, but the light of the white dawn, which had turned to red, was gathering swiftly on the surface of the pool without as the mist melted, and was reflected thence into the tunnel. So it came about that very soon Otter, who had the gift, not uncommon among savages, of seeing in anything short of absolute darkness, was able to make out his surroundings with tolerable accuracy. The place in the corner of which he squatted was a cave of no great height or width, hollowed in the solid rock by the force of water as smoothly as though it had been hewn through by the hand of man; in short, an enormous, but not a very high, and constructed of rock instead of earthenware. In the bottom of this drain trickled a stream of water nowhere more than six inches in depth, on either side of which, for ten feet or more, lay a thick bed of debris ground small. How far the cave stretched of course he could not see, nor as yet could he discover the whereabouts of the hideous occupant, though traces of its presence were plentiful, for the sandy floor was marked with its huge footprints, and the air reeked with an abominable stink.

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Now he was inside the hole, and found himself crouching upon a bed of sand, or rather disintegrated rock, brought down by the waters. The gloom of the place was great, but the light of the white dawn, which had turned to red, was gathering swiftly on the surface of the pool without as the mist melted, and was reflected thence into the tunnel. So it came about that very soon Otter, who had the gift, not uncommon among savages, of seeing in anything short of absolute darkness, was able to make out his surroundings with tolerable accuracy. The place in



did these gifts stand their owner in better stead than during the minutes of this strange duel. Twice the tortured reptile sank to the bottom of the pool—and its depth was great—dragging the dwarf after him, though, as it chanced, between each dive it rose to the surface, giving him time to breathe. A third time it dived, and Otter must follow it—on this occasion to the mouth of one of the subterranean exits of the water, into which the dwarf was sucked. Now the brute turned, heading up the pool with a rush like that of a salmon, and Otter, who had prayed that the line would break, now prayed that it might hold, for he knew that even he could never hope to swim against that undertow.

It held, and once more they rose to the surface, where the reptile lay lashing the waters in its pain, blood pouring from its mouth and nostrils. Very glad was the dwarf to be able to breathe again, for during that last rush he had gone near to suffocation. He lifted his head, inhaling the air with great gulps, and saw that the banks of the pool were lined with spectators who shouted and surged in a state of mad excitement. After that he did not see much more for a while, since just then it seemed to occur to the crocodile for the first time that the man alongside of him was the cause of his suffering; at least it wallowed round, causing the waters to boil about its horny alids, and charged him. With its fangs it could not bite, therefore, it struck at him with its tail.

Twice Otter dived, avoiding the blows, but the third time he was not so successful, for the reptile followed him into the deep water and dealt him a fearful blow before he could either sink or rise. He felt the rough scales cut into his flesh and a sensation as though every bone in his body was breaking and his eyes were starting from his head. Finally and more faintly he struggled, but in vain, for now life and sense were leaving him altogether, and everything grew black.

But suddenly there came a change, and Otter knew vaguely that once more he was being dragged through the water and over rock. Then darkness took him and he remembered no more.

When he awoke again it was to find himself lying on the floor of the cave, but not alone, for by his side, twisted into a last and hideous contortion, was the Snake-god—dead! The upper blade of the double knife had worked itself into its brain, and with its dying effort it sought the den where it had lived for centuries, dragging Otter with it, and there expired, how or when he knew not. But the dwarf had triumphed. Before him lay the ancient terror of the People of the Mist, the symbol, and, indeed, the object of their worship, slain by his skill and valor.

Otter saw and understood, and bruised and shaken as he was his heart swelled with pride, for he had not done a deed single-handed such as was not told of in the stories of his land! "Oh! that the Bas was here to see this sight," he said as he crawled along the length of his dead enemy and seated himself upon its flat and loathsome head. "Alas! he cannot," he added, "but I pray that my watching spirit may spare my life, that I may live to sing this song of the slaying of the Devil of the People of the Mist. Wow! that was a fight. When shall a man see such another? And lo! save for many bruises and the cutting of the rope about my middle, I am not greatly hurt, for the water broke the weight of his tail when he smote me with it. After all, it is well that the line held, for it served to drag me from the pool as it dragged me into it, and otherwise I had surely drowned there. See, though, it is nearly done with," and taking the end of it in his hand which issued from the jaws of the crocodile, he broke it with a jerk, for, with the exception of half a strand, it was frayed by the yellow fangs. Then, when he had recovered himself a little and washed the worst of his hurts with water, Otter set himself to consider the position. First, however, he made an utterly ineffectual effort to extract the great knives. Ten men could not have moved them, for the upper blade was driven many inches deep into the bone and muscles in the reptile's massive head. But for this, indeed, it would soon have shaken itself clear of them; but, as it was, every contortion and gnashing of its jaws had only served to drive the steel in deeper—up to the hilt, indeed.

Abandoning this attempt, the dwarf crept cautiously to the mouth of the cave and peered up at the further banks of the pool, whence he could hear shouts and see men moving to and fro, apparently in a state of great excitement. "Now I am weary of that pool," he said to himself, "and if I am seen in it the great people will surely shoot at me with arrows and kill me. What shall I do, then? I cannot stay in this place of stinks with the dead devil and the bones of those whom he has devoured until I die of hunger. Now this water must come from somewhere, therefore it seems best that I should follow it a while, searching for the spot where it enters the cave. It will be dark walking, but the walls and the floor are smooth, so that I shall not hurt myself, and if I find nothing I can return again and strive to escape from the pool by night."

Having decided upon the adventure, Otter began to carry it out with characteristic promptness, the more readily, indeed, because his long immersion in the water had chilled him, and he felt a weariness creeping over him as a result of the terrible struggle. All emotions that he had passed through. Colling the hide rope about his middle, which was sadly cut by its chafing, he started with an uncertain gait, for he was still very weak. A few steps brought him to that rock on which he had discovered the head of the reptile, and he paused to examine it. Climbing the sloping stone—no easy task, for it was as smooth as ice—he came to the table-like top. On its edge lay the body of that priest who had shared his fall from the head of the colossus.

Then he inspected the surface of the rock, and for the first time understood how old that monster must have been which he had conquered in single combat, for there, where its body had lain from generation to generation, and perhaps from century to century, the hard material was worn away to the depth of two feet or more, while at the top of the sloping stone was a still deeper niche, wherein its head reposed as it lay keeping its sleepless watch on the waters of the pool. Around this depression, and strewn on the floor of the cave itself, were the remains of many victims, a considerable number of whom had not been devoured. In every case, however, the larger bones were broken, and from this circumstance Otter judged that, although it was the custom of this dreadful reptile to crush the life out of all who were thrown to it with a bite of its fangs, yet, like that of other animals, his appetite was limited, and it was only occasionally that he consumed what he had killed.

The sight of these remains was so unpleasant and suggestive that even Otter, who certainly could not be called squeamish, hastened to descend the rock. As he passed round it his attention was attracted by the skeleton of a man who, from various indications, must have been alive within the last few weeks. It was clad in a priest's cloak, of which Otter, who was trembling with cold, hastened to possess himself. As he picked up the robe with one hand he observed beneath it a bag of tanned ox-hide that doubtless had once been carried by the owner of the cloak.

"Perhaps he had food in this," thought Otter; "though what he who comes to visit the Water Dweller should want with food I cannot guess. At the least it will be bad by now, so I will leave it and be gone. Only a vulture could stay for long in this house of the dead." Then he started forward.

For a few yards more he had light to guide his steps, but very soon the darkness became complete; still the cave was not difficult to travel, for everywhere the rock was smooth and the water shallow. All that he needed to do was to walk straight on, keeping touch of the side of the tunnel with one hand; indeed, he had but two things to fear, that he should fall into some pit and that he might suddenly

encounter another crocodile, "for doubtless," thought Otter, "the Devil was married." But he fell into no hole, and he saw no crocodile, for, as it chanced, the Water Dweller of the People of the Mist was a bachelor. When the dwarf had traveled up a steep slope for rather more than half an hour, to his intense joy he saw light before him and hurried towards it. Presently he reached the further mouth of the cavern that was almost closed by blocks of ice, among which a little water trickled. Creeping through an aperture he found himself upon the crest of the impassable precipice at the back of the city, and that before him a vast glacier of green ice stretched upwards, on which the sun shone gloriously. (To be Continued.)

#### They Do Not Despair.

An utter loss of hope is not characteristic of consumptives, though no other form of disease is so fatal, unless its progress is arrested by use of Scott's Emulsion, which is Cod Liver Oil made as palatable as cream.

#### Suspiciously Familiar.

Police magistrate—This ain't the first time you've been arrested for bein' drunk. Prisoner—It's injustice yes do me, y'r anner. Magistrate—Moid phwat ye say! Ol've seen your face scores of times, an' lately, too. Prisoner—Plaze, y'r anner, Ol'm the new bartender at Mickey Doolan's.—Puck.

Other makes of dress goods may have many excellences, but in the texture, the finish, the possibility of lovely contours in the completed costume, Priestley's noted dress fabrics surpass every other manufacture. This is the verdict in England. It is fast becoming the verdict in the States. Our Canadian ladies, when once they begin to wear Priestley's dress fabrics, will wear no other.

#### Rather Mixed.

A recent advertisement in a country newspaper reads thus: "For sale, a bull-terrier dog, two years old. Will eat anything; very fond of children. Apply at this office."

#### California and Mexico.

The Wabash Railway has now on sale Winter Tourist Tickets, at the lowest rates ever made, to Old Mexico and California. These rates are available for the Winter Fair at San Francisco. The banner route is the Great Trunk Line that passes through six states of the Union and has the most superb and magnificent trains in America. Full particulars may be had from any railroad agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, N. E. corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

Author (whose new play is being hissed by the whole audience)—Heavens! I shall have to hiss, too, or they will shut out that I am the author.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

## WHEN THERE'S DANGER!

Physicians Use, Prescribe and Recommend Paine's Celery Compound.

Earth's Best Spring Medicine—Grand Encouragement for Every Weak and Run-down Man and Woman in Canada—How Some of Boston's Most Eminent Physicians Speak of Nature's Restorer—It Cures and Makes People Well.



More words of praise have been written and spoken by well known men and women in every section of the country within the past few years for the famous compound first prescribed by Prof. Phelps of Dartmouth college than have been bestowed upon all other remedies put together.

More physicians in high standing are using, prescribing and recommending Paine's celery compound effects than to any other prepared remedy in the world.

More space is devoted in many a medical journal to the wonderful cures Paine's celery compound effects than to any other subject.

Paine's celery compound is pre-eminently the remedy that makes people well. For the encouragement and benefit of our suffering Canadian people, we are permitted to give the opinions and experience of some of the most eminent and distinguished of Boston's medical men, whose names are as well known in Canada as in the United States.

W. Allen Hubbard, M.D., 70 West Cedar street, is one of Boston's best physicians. He says what hundreds of other physicians have said before, and his experience adds one more to the hundreds already published, that Paine's celery compound is undoubtedly the highest product of the medical knowledge of this century.

The well known Boston physician and surgeon, Dr. A. W. K. Newton, whose portrait is given above, states very emphatically that this compound is the most reliable tonic and strength giver he has found for the peculiar and dangerous condition of the system that follows the grip. "Paine's celery compound," he writes, "is not a patent medicine, and it must not be confounded with the ordinary nervines, bitters or sarsaparillas. It is as much superior to them in formula and results as the diamond is superior to glass. It purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, and is nature's food for the brain."

"I had some trouble myself," he writes, "from blood poisoning, received in a very delicate surgical operation. The formula of Paine's celery compound led me to try it, and I was much pleased with the result. I prescribe it for men and women who have no appetite, cannot sleep, and are weak and run down. For this condition, and for disorders of the blood and nerves, it has no equal."

"When a man or woman has lost appetite, lost sleep, and feels that life is a burden, that person is in a serious condition. I prescribe Paine's celery compound for my patients who have these common and dangerous symptoms, with invariably satisfactory results." It is the best possible remedy to keep up one's strength and energy during the spring and summer months.

J. H. Hanaford, [M. D., whose writings in



## SURPRISE SOAP

LASTS LONGEST GOES FARTHEST.

One Was Enough. Remeny! is a vegetarian. While in Topeka the other day he received a letter from his son, who lives now on Staten Island, announcing that he, too, was determined to give up eating any animal food. Remeny's reply was, "Don't you think that one d—d fool in the family is enough!"

Sometimes a man feels the lightest when he has a heavy load on.—*Glen Falls Republican*.

## Place a Cake

OF...

## Baby's Own Soap

in your linen drawer and it will impart to your clothes the delicate aroma of fine French Pot-Pourri in a modified degree.

The longer you keep the Soap before using it the better.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Montreal, Sole Manufacturers

#### He Filled Both Offices.

Mrs. Bossy—Where are you off to to-night, Harry?

Mr. Bossy—I am going to the lodge meeting. You know the election of officers takes place to-night, and I am out for vice-president.

Mrs. Bossy—Oh! I don't see why you can't stay at home and be vice-president here.

Mr. Bossy—Miseus, I want you to understand I am president here.

And he grabbed his hat and coat and made for the door, leaving his better half guessing as to which office he would fill. M.

#### Not a Candidate.

Once Wilkes asked an elector to vote for him.

"No," replied the man warmly, "I'd rather vote for the devil."

"Yes," responded Wilkes, "but in this case your friend doesn't stand."—*Richard Redgrave: A Memoir*.

#### 160 World's Fair Photos For \$1.

These beautiful pictures are now ready for delivery in ten complete parts—16 pictures comprising each part—and the whole set can be secured by the payment of One Dollar, sent to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill., and the portfolios of pictures will be sent, free of expense, by mail to subscribers. Remittances should be made by draft, money order, or registered letter.

Pastor (to peasant girl)—Why do you weep so much?

Peasant girl—Because my lover has gone to the army for three years.

Pastor—But those will soon be over; then he will return.

Peasant girl—Yes; but I am afraid that in the meantime another man will marry me.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

#### English Opinion.

A writer in *Heraclitus's* London, England, *Railway and Commercial Journal*, of February 6, 1892, in an article on American Railroads, says:

"The railway system of America is vast. It extends to 171,000 miles, which, compared with our 20,000 miles, is big."

After commenting at considerable length on the comparative merits of various American railroads he closes with this remarkable sentence:

"The New York Central is no doubt the best line in America, and a very excellent line it is, equal probably to the best English line."

"I wonder," said the circulation agent of the *Daily Buzzer*, "why this man Lawrence on B street always takes two copies of the paper?"

"Oh, that's all right," replied the advertising solicitor, "he's so cross-eyed that he has to hold one paper in each hand when he reads."—*Detroit Tribune*.

#### The First Menu Card.

It was Duke Henry of Brunswick who was first observed in the intervals of a banquet to scan carefully a long strip of paper by the side of his plate, and when the curious guests ventured to enquire into the nature of his studies he explained that it was a sort of programme of the dishes which he had commanded from the cook, to the intent that if some delicacy which especially appealed to him were marked for a late stage in the repast he might carefully reserve his appetite for it. The simplicity and beauty of the idea appealed instantly to the good duke's convives, and the menu card from that moment became an institution.—*Season*.

Travers—Why don't you try ten grains of quinine for that cold?  
Jagway (emphatically)—No, sir; every time I take quinine my hand trembles so the next day I can't write.  
Travers—Well, you try it this time, old man, without any whisky.—*Truth*.



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has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, cures the green stools, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.



## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND M. SHEPPARD - Editor.

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## Our Parliamentary Letter.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, OTTAWA.

The Budget has come and gone. The discussion was long but able. It never flunged in interest or in figures. It was not a new subject, yet it imparted new vigor and life to Parliament. From first to last it was well sustained and many of the speakers shed lustre not only upon themselves but upon the House. The Government are satisfied with the changes. The Opposition are not. How the country will receive them remains to be seen.

The House got into committee on the resolutions on Friday. This is the crucial stage, where the items of the tariff are considered one by one. The reasons for and against will no doubt be amply given. If Friday's session is any criterion of what is to come a thorough sifting may be looked for. The preamble to the resolutions was discussed the whole day. It arose over Clause 2 wherein the Governor in Council takes the power to transfer dutiable goods to the free list without the consent of Parliament. This power by the Customs Act they have had for some time and wish to retain. The Opposition vigorously opposed it, contending that it might result in great abuse of power, become tyrannical and unjust and might lead to both favoritism and fraud. Mr. Gibson gave an instance to show how unfairly it had worked and how it discriminated at different points. His was the case of a ship-builder at Port Dalhousie who had to pay a higher rate of duty for the plates he used than was charged at Hamilton. This point went to show that the Government not only took the power to take off the duty all or in part to meet the wishes of their friends, but to place their opponents at a disadvantage and loss. Such a system reduced to practice is fraught with great danger to the State. It need only be mentioned to show how unjustly it may be operated. Suppose two ship-builders tender for a contract; their tenders may be nearly equal, but the friend of the Government gets it. He then goes to the Department and gets the duty reduced by departmental order. This, under the guise of the law, lessens the revenue and gives him an unfair advantage over a rival. It is smuggling of the worst form, and should not be tolerated or winked at for one moment. The discussion merged into the kindred subject of rebates of duty upon goods imported which enter into the manufacture of goods exported. The Act gives power to grant a rebate of ninety per cent. in such cases. This is also liable to abuse. Protection is given (so it is said) to hold the home market. The increase in the duty over a revenue point is the price the people pay for that market. It does appear that they pay more when they grant rebates. Last year rebates to the amount of \$189,878.72 were paid in the Dominion. Out of this vast sum Massey, Harris & Co. got \$9,957.05 in that single year. They, like others, not only got protection, but they got rebates.

Mr. Laurier showed that the Government were not satisfied with giving ninety per cent. of rebates, but in the case of the Welland Vale Works, by a special order-in-council, they granted certain privileges which might even double or triple the rebate of ninety per cent. This order-in-council granted drawbacks on thirty-nine articles, giving a specific rate per dozen on them all, instead of adhering to the statutory rate of ninety per cent. Another feature in relation to the order-in-council with reference to this factory was that it was not published. Why it was kept in the dark by the Controller of Customs and the Ministry can only be guessed at, as no good reason was given for its concealment. Whether the archives of the Department conceal many more such orders-in-council is not known. Until it is, the public are unconscious of the amount paid in rebates.

This session is notable thus far for the delegations that have poured into Ottawa from every direction on tariff matters. In fact, the number is legion, and the subjects likewise; one wants the duty up, another wants it down, one wants it on, another wants it off. What is one man's finished is another man's raw material; and so the battle goes on and the delegations still continue, no doubt hoping and praying that more "clerical errors" may be discovered so that their wares may be returned to the old or a higher standard of duty. These delegations give somewhat of a blow to the arguments we have heard ad nauseam, that the higher the duty is the cheaper the product. Those who use the argument possibly believe it, but those who produce the wares evidently have no faith in it, and accordingly they come, "and still they come," and wait and pray for a return to the old or even higher tariff if they can get it. Just imagine the cost of these delegations. Is it likely they incur it in order to get a higher duty that will compel them to sell their products at a lower profit? We fancy not, and we scarcely think the story would do for the marines.

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

"Well, Charles," said the proud father, "you are to be graduated in June. What are your ideas as to selecting your profession?"

"I think I'll be a lawyer, father; I am fond of ease."

"Ease? Do you consider the lawyer's profession one of ease?"

"It certainly is at the start; young lawyers never have much to do."—Bazar.



Hon. C. F. Fraser in his Departmental Office.

From photo by Mr. W. B. Varley of the Toronto Camera Club.

## The Drama.

HOYT'S A Trip to Chinatown has proved to be quite as funny as it was supposed to be, and that is saying something. The whole idea of the author is to amuse, and at no time does he attempt to instruct. His efforts at imparting instruction have not been signally successful, still we cannot in fairness condemn his Temperance Town after seeing a poor company present it last year at the Academy of Music. In Toronto we nearly always see an author at his worst, because the cast is cheapened for the Canadian tour as a rule. The company at the Grand this week is good but it might be much better. The piece is full of bright talk, clever singing and dancing, and makes one of the best bits of light fun seen this season.

The Sudan at Jacobs & Sparrow's is the usual scenic melodrama put on at popular-price houses. There is the villain and the heart-broken wife estranged from a chivalrous husband by a false accusation; a child whom the villain is bound to abduct and cause to be murdered; a smart waltz of heroic parts, bobbing up to defeat the villain; a clerk in the office of the latter, full of humorous antics, and playing detective on his master. You know the whole story, for it is in a hundred melodramas. Something passably good might be worked up out of The Sudan, something new created. It is a convincing evidence of the paralysis of intellect of playwrights and the supremacy of the carpenter in theatrical art, that the absurd plot that runs through all the Bowers plays and London slum plays must be made to do service in connection with a piece that has all the inspiring episodes of the Sudanese war at disposal. The taking of the desert city by the British is a lively scene covering a space of two minutes. A company of local militia figure in this scene.

In reporting the entertainment of the Victoria Dramatic Club last week I neglected to say that Mr. Claude L. N. Norrie was the stage director and instructor, and the success of the evening was largely due to his efforts. The stage settings were remarkably good for an amateur event occurring outside the regular theaters.

Sam T. Jack's Creole Company, something of a beauty show, with comedians to give variety to the performance, has drawn fairly good houses at the Academy this week. Next week Mrs. Tom Thumb will make her appearance.

De Wolf Hopper in Panjandrum will appear at the Grand for the first three nights of next week, and smart houses are sure to greet him. Primrose & West's Minstrels will fill in the second half of the week.

The Wilbur Opera Company will sing at Jacobs & Sparrow's next week.

## Man and Wife.

It would doubtless surprise many men who believe themselves good husbands if they were told that through two elements in their natures they sow more discontent in their homes and do more to jar the unity of domestic life, than can be counteracted by all the better qualities they possess. And these two elements will, perhaps, be as well understood by the names of silent appreciation and silent love as by any other definition. By silent appreciation I mean that irritating, inferential acceptance by a husband of every thoughtfulness and little courtesy offered by a loving wife, and by silent love I mean that affection of husband for wife which, while it exists, expresses itself either rarely or not at all. The two are, in a sense, identical, and they can, therefore, be treated together.

When a woman loves a man she lives for him. From the moment she awakens in the morning until she closes her eyes at night a loving wife's thoughts are of her husband. All day she performs her duties with the thought of his pleasure uppermost in her mind and his image in her heart. Nearly everything she does is with the thought of him. If she puts a dainty touch to a room she instinctively wonders what he will think of it when he comes home. If she buys an article in the shops that he will see, close beside her own preference for it is the thought whether he will like it. When she plans the dinner

his tastes are regarded first. What would he like best is her constant thought. She dresses her children, having in mind a little suggestion or thought which he may have dropped days, yes, even months ago. His color becomes her color; his taste her taste. And even if she does not always personally approve of a certain thing she buys it or she does it because she feels or thinks it will please him. Scores and scores of times have I seen wives lay aside their own preferences willingly and cheerfully because their husbands liked something else better. His coming home is to her the event of the day, and it is her pleasure to prepare for it in some way. No matter how tired the head, how ill the body during the day, she tries to look cheerful when her husband comes home. She feels that she has something to dress for as his home-coming hour approaches. She likes to lay aside the house-gown she has worn all day, and don a fresh dress for his coming. It is a pleasure to her to wear the gown for which, at some time or other, he may have expressed a preference; or it may be in the dressing of her hair in the way which she knows he likes best; in the simple ribbon of his favorite color; in the wearing of a flower he likes to see on her, or with which there may be some tender association; in a little touch which she deifies gives the table; in some favorite dish of his prepared by her own hands; in the inviting manner in which his house coat and slippers are placed ready for his donning; in the convenient spot in which he finds his evening paper, his cigar, and even the lucifers, ready for his enjoyment after dinner; in short, in the thousand little touches which only occur to a woman who finds her greatest delight and satisfaction in the pleasure which she can give the man she loves. She likes to look her best for him; she tries to do what she feels he would most wish her to do. Nor is this an ideal picture. It is one which is enacted every day in thousands of homes.

The husband comes home, and if the heart is as ready to speak as the eye is to notice—for men are quick to observe little things done for their pleasure or benefit by loving hands—the wife finds an ample reward for all the pains she has taken. The tender recognition of a loving thought by a husband is as life itself to a devoted wife. But if, as is so unfortunately often the case, the eye sees, but the heart does not speak, I do not wonder that the wife feels that all her pains have gone for naught. She feels that he sees, but she wants a little more. She wants to know that he sees. And here is the sting of silent appreciation. God knows that in this world we are all of us too economical of our praise. We would oftentimes roll this earth a little nearer heaven if we would let our mouths speak what our hearts feel. The praise that is born of love is good for us all. And I marvel that husbands do not see this more clearly. There is nothing we feel in this life so keenly as to be ignored; and nothing stifles the love in the heart of a wife so much as this silent appreciation, to which so many husbands are prone. It is not that a woman longs for praise—she would resent it from the average man. But she hungers for it from one man—the man to whom she has the right to look for it—her husband. Her life is bound up in his. One tender word of recognition from him brightens the hour for her. And why is it that men cannot open their eyes more clearly to the fact that their wives live for them? That one-half, yes, three-fourths of the little things they do are done for them? And if they see it, or feel it, or know it, why, in the name of common sense, don't they show that they do? Why, if they like to have a thing done for them, can't they say so?—Ladies' Home Journal.

## He Had Good Ears.

A number of candidates for the police force were being examined by a doctor the other day, and a pretty stiff examination it was, too. At length it came to testing the men's sense of hearing, and said the examiner: "Do you see this watch?"

Candidate—Yes.  
Examiner—Do you hear it tick?  
Candidate—Certainly, quite plainly.  
Examiner—Stand further back.  
Candidate—Retires three paces.  
Examiner—Do you hear it now?  
Candidate—Yes.  
Examiner—Well, you must be smart, for the watch has not been going for a fortnight.

## Hon. C. F. Fraser.

Aerie as the nest of an eagle is the office of the Ontario Minister of Public Works, the Hon. Christopher Finlay Fraser, in the magnificent mansion erected under his keenly watchful direction as a meeting-place for the Legislature and the home of the departmental service of the premier province of Canada. Perched in the south-east corner of the top story of the imposing pile in Queen's park, the view from its two great windows over Toronto and the sparkling blue waters of Lake Ontario is a commanding one.

That this selection should have been made by Mr. Fraser for his office is not to be wondered at; indeed, it seems a most befitting one, splendid and inspiring as it is. No better clue can be had to the character of the man. One of the most eloquent debaters of his time, the laws of the land are vastly the better that he has devoted his life to the good of the state.

Born at Brockville, the chief town of the united counties of Leeds and Grenville, in October, '39, Mr. Fraser is of Celtic origin. His father, John S. Fraser, was a Scotch Highlander who emigrated to Canada a few years before the birth of the son. His mother, whose maiden name was Miss Sarah Barke, was of Irish parentage and birth. When a boy it was the lot of our subject to be poor, for his parents, like the majority of pioneers, brought into the new country but little gold in their purses. This very poverty seems to have been a stimulus to the ambition of the lad and it is said that he resolved early in life to carve out his own career.

Schools were few and far between in those days, but young Fraser was bound to get such schooling as his purse afforded. He worked at anything his hand could find to do, going to school between whiles. He was apprenticed in the office of the Brockville Recorder at an early age and a small salary, yet saving something to assist in his education. But if he had not been a boy of more than ordinary parts he could not have mastered circumstances as he did. He determined to study law and in 1859 entered the office of Hon. A. N. Richards, late Lieut. Governor of British Columbia; was called to the bar in 1865 and settled down to practice in Brockville, where he was best known. He was a Liberal by instinct, and soon came to be regarded as an available candidate. In the first election after Confederation he offered as a candidate in Brockville for the Ontario Legislature. He was defeated by a narrow majority. Four years later he ran in South Grenville, but was again unsuccessful. Shortly after the election of 1871, Mr. Clark, who had defeated Mr. Fraser in South Grenville, died, and the constituency was thus opened up. Mr. Fraser offered himself again and was elected.

The election was protested and an interesting feature of the case was that it was tried before Mr. Oliver Mowat, then on the bench. The trial lasted two weeks and Mr. Fraser was confirmed in his seat. Upon returning to his constituents for re-election in the following October he was again successful, and as a coincidence it may be mentioned entered the Legislature the same year as Mr. Mowat. Mr. Fraser's abilities were at once recognized and within a year he was sworn in as Provincial Secretary and Registrar. On returning to his constituents for their endorsement, he was re-elected by acclamation. In November next, if Mr. Fraser had not been compelled by declining health to hand in his resignation, he would have completed twenty-one years of continuous service in the Government of Sir Oliver Mowat. But at the earnest solicitation of the Premier he still holds the Commissionership of Crown Lands until his successor is appointed.

Mr. Fraser's ability as a debater is well known, and no more sincere and candid expressions of esteem were ever heard in the Ontario Legislature than when Sir Oliver Mowat, in announcing Mr. Fraser's resignation, set forth his opinion of his closest colleague through the changing years of his Premiership; and the leader of the Opposition made rejoinder in terms of honest feeling, as creditable to himself as to the gentleman whose ill-health he deplored.

To Mr. Fraser belongs much of the credit of putting in practice the one-man-one-vote principle, extending the franchise to farmers' sons, which was virtually a manhood franchise and afterwards became the basis of that Act. Among Mr. Fraser's other contributions to the statute book may be named The Factories Act, The Compensation to Workmen for Injuries Act, the Act Relating to the Safety of Railway Employees, and other lesser and more prosaic measures.

A fine chapter of administration closes with the retirement of Christopher Finlay Fraser from public life.

F. HOWARD ANNES.

## To Ianthe's Spirit.

FROM THE GRAVE.

"Hec me miserum."—Cicero.

For Saturday Night.

How pale is yonder waning orb of night,  
So sweetly lying in a dreamy bath  
Of azure glory, while upon her path  
The brightest gems of heaven go forth to light  
Her on her way of constancy and love.  
Impatient restless sea, why dost thou sigh?  
Thy heart's sweet hope, though passing from thee now,  
While bend the star-bespangled heavens above,  
Will come again, and gaze with love-lit eye  
Upon thy heaving breast and throbbing brow.  
O sweet Ianthe, where art thou to-night?  
Thou wast my joy, my hope, my very life;  
For thee, with joy, I'd cope in deathly strife;  
With thee the darkest cloud was turned to light.  
I basked beneath thy languid eye of love,  
And caught with rapture every votive sigh,  
That like that blessed fabled snow-winged dove,  
Stole from thy breast of heavenly purity.  
O! art thou yon fair star, divinely bright,  
That like a heavenly censor of the sun,  
Gilding the Orient ere the day's begun,  
The rosy herald of more glorious light?  
O! if thou art, Ianthe, spirit sweet,  
Thou wast my morning star, while thou wast here,  
Felt for one moment from thy radiant sphere,  
And let our lips once more, in rapture meet;  
Look on me with those eyes too fond to fear,  
And I will bow to earth at heaven's doors,  
And from thee tear my broken heart away;  
Content I'll face the dark and stormy sea  
That round me rolls in hopeless misery.  
Shoreless and wild, without one sheltering bay,  
Though kneeling on thy grave, in vain my plea,  
Thy spirit is beyond my voice to-night,  
The envious King of Terrors envying me,  
Bids thee away, my poor heart's fond delight.  
The moon returns to soothe the sobbing sea,  
Fair Flora's wand recalls the blushing flowers,  
But sweet Ianthe comes no more to me,  
While Kronos' glass pours forth the flying hours.  
All men rear homes and mine was Passion's Hall,  
A structure grand where Love and Youth might dwell,  
But the fierce whirlwind came, and airy fall,  
And deep foundation stones, all mingling fall.

PERCY A. GAHAN, B.A.

## To Spring.

Or to the substitute which Old Prose has sent us for Spring. Written on the day of the blizzard.

For Saturday Night.

I will not flout thee, Spring, although  
I cannot help complaining;  
Whilst thou dost hail, and blow, and snow  
Thou shouldst be gently reigning.  
What poets call "thy genial rays"  
Are piercing as an arrow,  
Thy leaden skies and gray cold days  
Do chill me to the marrow.  
"Thy balmy breath," O what a farce!  
The words stick in my gizzard;  
What is, than balmy breath more scarce,  
Is such a howling blizzard!  
May fears that thou wilt chill her lap,  
She sees thou'rt growing milder,  
If thou hast warmer air on tap  
I pray thee draw it milder.

April 10, 1894.

ROLAND.

## To a Broncho.

"What slender youth belov'd with liquid odors."—Milton's Translation of Horace, bk. 1, l. 1.

For Saturday Night.

What tenderfoot, arrayed in hony garments,  
Mounts thee unwary, in some quiet spot?  
O broncho, for whom art thou quiet?  
For bucks thy bony back?  
Plain in thy viciousness, oh, how oft shall he  
On stirrups and saddle horns rear,  
And stare not visible to the ordinary bystander  
Unwonted shall admire!  
Who now mounts thee, credulous, all bold,  
Who always confident, always amiable,  
Hopes thee of former pilgrims mindful  
Will not set them up. Happy they  
To whom thou untried seemest fair.  
Myself, I have vowed to watch thy proceedings  
And when the circus is over  
To recalcitate and hang up  
The limp and drooping tenders-foot  
To the stern god of the Wild West.

CUDDEY.

## Reverie.

For Saturday Night.

Bright orb whose sphere resplendent lies  
Upon the farthest verge of ocean,  
Whose wave re-echoes thy thousand dyes  
As shares thy beam its gentle motion.  
Oft as I follow thus thy flight,  
And watch thy beacon brightly blaring,  
I think 'tis love across the night  
Of lighted years her signal raising.  
So brightly burns in fancy's eye  
Some face that steals along the ages;  
So love illumines our evening sky,  
And twines its beams in memory's pages.  
And if its fiery warmth, like thine,  
Comes o'er time's wave more mellow stealing,  
'Tis that—like thee—its bright decline  
Is but the memory of past feeling.

MIGNON.

## Regina Moritur.

For Saturday Night.

"She is dying! she is dying!"  
Toll the Easter lilies slow;  
"She is dying, dying, dying!"  
Come from where the tulips grow;  
Sobbing voices, and a sighing,  
Waft from where the jessamine blows.  
Soft the daffodils are swinging  
On each supple, slender stalk,  
And the end song they are singing  
Flutes across the gravelled walk,  
Where the crocus bells are ringing  
Low in confidential talk.  
Beds with perfumed breezes blowing,  
Where she loved to pause of yore;  
And the gravelled footpaths glowing  
With the sunlight streaming o'er;  
And the grass, so greenly growing,  
Shall her footstep press no more!

April 8, 1894.

HUGH KENNEDY.

## The Pilgrim Fathers, an Old-time Opinion.

They sang Old Hundred on the wave;  
The nasal tones resounded,  
Because the Lord their barque did save,  
And none of them got drowned.  
They sang Old Hundred on the sea,  
The fishes heard the racket,  
And wondered what the noise could be  
And who was in the packet.  
They landed shingles, boards, and nails  
And leather for shoemakers,  
And pots and pans and tubs and pails  
And ropes for hanging 'quakers.  
They failed of trees a countless host,  
With saws they did divide them,  
They reared a church and whipping-post,  
And gallow close beside them.

—Boston Transcript.



Between You and Me.

"IF YOU like it, talk about it," requested a friend of mine one day when we watched a performance on a certain stage. I was reminded of her remark the other evening as I sat and looked and listened while Lydia von Finklestein wailed about her Jewish house-place, and illustrated Jewish middle-class home life. It was an evening to be remembered, and will probably never be forgotten by those who were present. Never in my long experience as a teacher, or in many hours of hearkening to other teachers, have I gotten more charming instruction and edification. The talk of the clever lecturer bristled with interesting information, and as she explained the reference to Jewish customs, beliefs and feelings made by lips Divine, text after text took on new meaning and new force. It is delightful to know better, to thoroughly comprehend what is meant by the speech of one we revere and love, and that is what, in the most practical and delightful way, Lydia von Finklestein does with the parables, the illustrations and the sayings of the blessed Saviour. I hope everyone who can will go to hear the same lecture which I found so helpful this afternoon.

Did you ever laugh at the plight of the little woman in the Mother Goose rhyme, who being caught asleep on the highway by a practical joker had her little skirts cut off up to her knees? Something like that little woman did I feel when I tried on several of the new bicycle suits which people interested wish to introduce among our lady riders. Mrs. Jennings-Miller's rainy-day dress was not in it with one or two of them! The little woman who despairingly wailed, "If it be I, as I suspect it be, I have a little dog at home and he'll know me," would not have risked identification by any canine friend if she had gone home in one of the so-called reform suits which I hopped about in to-day. The Turkish trousers were horrid, the knickerbockers delightful, but oh! Mrs. Grundy, we dare not wear them! The skirt that opened down the back and hung over the wheel on either side might do, but would blow every way. The Russian blouses were a mean apology for a petticoat, and, in fact, be they worn in France, or England, or any other where, I don't believe they will go in Toronto! There is nothing objectionable in the skirt for city riding to the cyclist or her critics, so in goodness' name let us keep the skirt. Yonge street boulevardiers would not softly pat the two first fingers together and murmur, "Chic!" as the lady in Turkish trousers and short basque of brown velvet (fancy wheeling in velvet!) sailed by. Rather would they rudely laugh and make slighting remarks, for which a big brother would hit them. But the cyclists in Paris wear velvet trousers, and no doubt are as overburdened as they deserve to be. The cyclists in Paris wear also peacocks' plumes in their turbans, and that is the worst touch of all. The London rider wears a skirt for Mrs. Grundy's sake when she walks beside her wheel, but when she goes to mount she "pulls a string," or rather a quartette of strings, which run down each seam of her skirt through rings, and the garment gradually creeps up to her knees, when she mounts and rides away with all these drygoods festooned about her, like a very old-fashioned lambrequin! Comment me to the Englishwoman for ideas. Just fancy the interest which the general public would take as they watched with awe and amazement the pulling of the strings! Please don't laugh; it's quite a tragedy.

There is a far, far place, in which I should presently like to be, and a day on which I should like to stand away from my people and watch a crowd. The crowd will gather, brown-eyed, sun-burned, black-haired and eager-faced, and there will be uniforms and silken and lace gowns, student caps and peasant kerchiefs, and the guns from the Schlossberg will give great roars and the people will look up with sad, serious faces at the candel across the blue Danube, and all busy Pesthe and all rugged Buda will receive back the mortal remains of their sternest, truest patriot, when Kossuth's body is taken from the funeral car and carried to its final resting-place in the city of his heart, from which he has been so long an exile. They will go along the beautiful streets, where the oleander trees are blooming in white and rose-color, and the merry crowds outside the cafes will stand silently along the curb, and the meagre peasant will hang his head and hold in his thin brown fingers his dusty little felt hat, with its rolling brim and peacock's feather, and the soldier will stand with his right hand across the peak of his little blue cap, and the officer will raise his finger to his right ear, and the ladies will draw their black veils over their lovely faces, and the poor, barefooted peasant women will wipe their eyes on the ends of their flowing cotton sleeves. I can see it all, and I should like to be there again! And perchance a vagrant Kypsy band would play the regret and the loss and the woe of a nation, and I should cry with the best of them, for our Kossuths and Garibaldis are few and far between and to miss them from earth is sad!

If there is one thing more than another which causes friction among us it is the too close clinging to opinions and the bowing down to prejudices inherited or acquired. I so often hear a pretty sweet woman say, "I never could endure so-and-so," or "I can't bear such-and-such a thing." Sifted fine, the opposition turns out to be very small and the idea the biggest part of it. It is possible to live (oh, so happily!) without any prejudices at all; it is possible to exist without any conflict with things which are, and must so be, no matter how much we kick against the pricks. It is better to think of this, and hush our combative and fretful utterances and let the mind be undisturbed. Contact with the world will always help in this matter. One hears stronger opinions, more impatient criticisms, and harsher judgments in the narrow precincts of village society than in the broader city life. "Live and let live" is the motto of the cultured and the wise, not, as generally supposed, of the careless and indulgent. Those who are careless themselves are often hardest on other

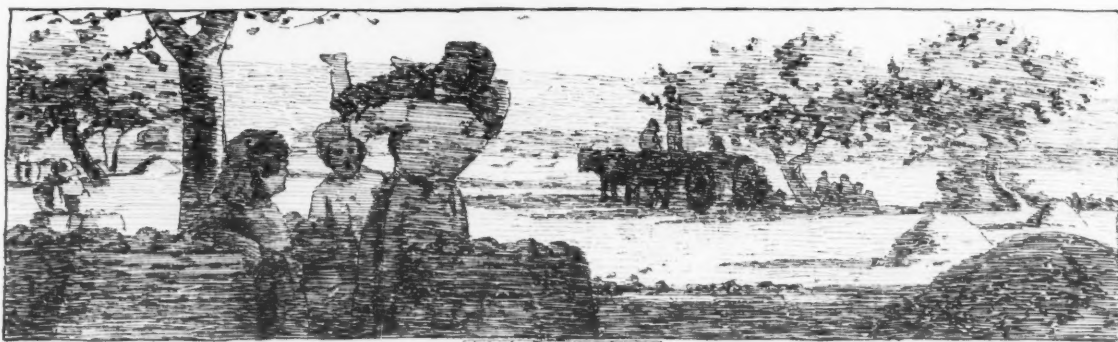
GEMS AT THE O. S. A. EXHIBITION.



Ripe Meadows—By C. M. Manly.



Parting—By A. C. Williamson.



A Study—By F. M. Bell Smith.

We reproduce for our readers four of the best pictures, in our judgment, that will be displayed at the exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists next week. Of course there are several others that we would have reproduced gladly but a certain space limit tied us down to four and these are the four. The pen drawing scarcely does credit to Mr. Manly's picture, much of the finish and effect being lost. The others speak for themselves. Mr. Bell Smith gives us something new, a portrait. The exhibition will no doubt draw well as the work of the society is arousing a constantly increasing amount of interest among the best people in all parts of the province.

Dat could see 'way ahead of der present—see five minutes equalin' his back, Wid tree year at Auburn fur Sadie—'n a lifer fur Bowery Jack.

'Twas de night dat we tickled de Dago,—long his trout from de ear ter de chin, De sleuths piped der ting ter de alley, 'n ran de hull shoot-in' match in;

'Tain't no use ter chin here of de trial—how Calloo queer'd on de lot,

'N Bowery Jack got a lifer, 'n Sadie tree year in de pot; Yer bet it was terrib'le ter see her a-pleadin' fur Bowery Jack,

'N currin' de squealer dat planned it, and put de sleuths enter his track;

Hear her say to de judge, "By de God dat made me, 'n de Hell dat ew'd him!

I'll be free in tree years' time, yer Hanner, 'n den—God help Calloo Jim!"

My physio was five years—hard labor—but I quit a heap sooner 'n dat;

Play'd de chaplain 'n guv'nor fur suckers—'n chin'd at dem both broo me hat,—

In de chapel, my zemplary conduck ketch'd enter de old passon's eye,

Sig'd de pledge—'n dat made me de Guv'nor's white-headed lye;

Dat was great, 'n cost nu'n, 'n it maved me nine months more in quad,

Yep! looks self-denyin',—spec'ly der wose't no drink ter be had;

Dat's it, sign de pledge, 'n play de sky-pilot,—yer kalm't never fall,

For a soft snap—a lay-off—de temperance egg-racket niver gits stale.

Wid ten dollars, (de chaplain kericketed) I dusted from Auburn oneday,

Blew it in de same night,—'n de next ting I knew, I was hoodin' away;

'N I hood'd it tree months on me uppers, dead broke all de way, I was, too,

Till de night I struck Sniderville City on dis side er Kalamazoo,

Whar' de first ting I seen was a sign-board, wid dis, "Stranger, welkin ter night,

Kim 'n hear how de silver-tongued convert shows boozers de way ter de light!"

Dat was biz, 'n afore yer could say it, yer trooly was eat erway back

A-head'n' him sluggin' at likker, ('n gettin' ten dollars a crack).

Yer kin bet dat he slated de likker, 'n de slingers dat sells it as well;

De likker was wusser 'n pizen, 'n de slingers was viler 'n hell;

Day was demons, 'n tefe, 'n soul-stabbers, 'n tousle fur de wylums 'n jalls;

De pledge was de likker-man's coffin, 'n he was a-drivin' de nalle;

'N sed as de vineyard was waitin'—Oh! I tell yer his style beat de band;

All de chippies was usin' deir wipers, when he kim ter de end of de stand;

'N his peepe skinned de seats erway back, till I tinks dey was lookin' at mine,

Es he called fur de workers 'n hustlers ter kim ter de plat-form 'n sign.



"Lemme sign!" screamed a chippie, "Me first, 'n she ran like a streak to de stand;

'N it looked like ter me, erway back, dey was somethin' flash'd while in her hand.

"God bless yer, dear sister! Kim up," see a bald-headed geezer on de dock,

'N he paw'd his arm enter her waist,—but she give it him back in de neck,

'N he look'd sorter foolish 'n scared, as she lep' ter de oder man's side,

Like a hell-cat she faw at his trout, like a hell-cat she screamed out 'n cried,

"By de God dat made me, 'n de Hell dat sped'd you—I will sign. Yes, I'll sign.

A lifer for a lifer, yer bound. Yer've had yer; ter night I'll have mine!"

I seen him jump back, but de chippie stayed wid him, 'n den somethin' white flash'd enter his vest, 'n he dropp'd, like a log, to de floor, outer sight.

Yer bet I was enter de racket, 'n yer bet I was enter me feet,

But afore I could reach ter de platform de man dat she struck was cold meat;

She'd knifed him right upter de trade-mark, 'n I knowed, as I look'd at dem two,

Dat her hair was de color of lager, dem peepe was a daisy blue,—

Know dem peepe all a-gleamin' 'n blazin'!—Know his all a-gleamin' 'n dim?

Yep! stranger! de slicker was Sadie—der suckers was Calloo Jim.

THIS SKETCH BY THE JUDGE.

The Judge Used to Know.

At a criminal trial an hotel proprietor, while giving evidence respecting a robbery that had taken place within his establishment, stated that the prisoner entered the bar and ordered a "nip of whisky."

The judge, not considering it consistent with judicial dignity to affect to know what the modest measure alluded to was, asked: "What is a nip?"

The witness smiled and remarked: "Eh, my lord, you once knew well what a 'nip' was, for many a one have you called for and drunk in my hotel when you was an advocate."

The Bench did not further press for a definition of the term "nip."

He Was Brave.

Stubbs—Well, sir, I gave it to that man straight, I can tell you, sir. He is twice as big as I am, too, but I told him exactly what I thought of his rascally conduct right to his face, and I called him all the names in the dictionary.

Spudds—And didn't he try to hit you, Jennings?

Stubbs—No, sir, he didn't. And when he tried to answer back, I just hung up the telephone and walked away.

Her hair was de color of lager, 'n her peepe was a daisy blue, And a skin dat was smoober 'n satin, 'n only less whiter 'n tape;

'N a figger, why yer! yer kin bet she could travel around on her shape.

All de tuffs in de alley was broke up—de chippies, dey hated her face,

'N er course de hull gang was er running—wid only two blokes in de race,

'N one of dey two was a squealer, but still yer could shed yer cold cash.

Dat Sadie was Calloo's fancy, but Bowery Jack was her smash!

Aln't it queer wen a chippie, like Sadie, gits stuck on a feller like Jack,

All hell 'n de brimstone date in it hain't keep her from showin' de fac'?



She'd treat de hull crowd to chin-musko, but der wose't er one got de hand

Ter sak fer a walk down de alley when Bowery Jack was ter hand.

Yep! Calloo swaller'd de mitten, 'n lowed he was enter'n de race,

But de gang wose't enter his meanin', ner enter dat smile on his face.

Calloo Jim.

For Saturday Night.

Yep! Lannigan's alley was tuff—'n 'twus tuffer de furdur yer'd go;

'N Calloo Jim sat 'n alep' in de furdurmoost house in de row; Tuff; bet yer life! de hull outfit was steeper 'n at,

Dey'd knife, knuckle-tuster, 'n sandbag yer quicker 'n a Scot!

De cope in de alley dass' monkey no Murray Hill beat,

'Twas quick as a flash wid de knife, 'n swifter 'n a—l on de feet;

Nutt'n else had no show, see! 'n der best show was thinner 'n slim;

Yep! de gang was a lollah, 'n de king-bee was Calloo Jim.

Naw, Jim was'n no bruiser, ner big, ner game fer de matter er dat,

He'd a streakin' 'er yellin' ran troo him: ex broad ex de band on yer hat;

But slick! Jim was slick as dey make 'em, 'n slicker 'n a quicker 'n snakes,

His motto was dis: "It's de lie-lows dat gen'ally eechers de snakes;

Wot's de use of dis up an' down scrappin'! Kain't yer jump from behind on yer mark?

Wot's de use of yer waitin' fur sunshine? Kain't yer strike a man down in de dark?

Aln't de back of de ear, for a knock-out, as good as de point of de chin?

Aln't de alley ahead of de street, when yer ropin' a hay-seeder in?"

Jim's holt on de gang was his skull-piece 'n gift er de gab! Make black look 'twus white? Phar! Jim'd make yer cock-sure it was drab;

Fur schemin' a plant on a house, or a bank, or a coop, 'twus de same,

Jim could take up another man's discard, 'n come out ahead on de game;

'N de fuster dat kim down de river, 'n shored up at Larraby's pier,

Wus de klicker dat carried about him Jim's mark on de back of his ear;

But de sleuths couldn't snatch him, not they, yah! ner fasten a ting enter him;

D' plan dey put up was a cracker, but dey couldn't pinch Calloo Jim.

Yah! de pot of de gang was Blonde Sadie, 'n she was a corker, too

easy-going folk. One learns to know that there are two sides to everything, even to a scandal, and what with looking at both sides, and remembering to be kind, and recognizing our own shortcomings and various other air-brakes which wisdom puts on opinion, we are apt to rest more quietly within ourselves, and both the world and we are the better for it.

LADY GAY.

He Didn't Know the West.

"Yes," said the old traveler, "I was on a jury in California once. It was a murder trial. I didn't want the fellow hung, and so stuck out against the other eleven for nine days, locked up in the jury room, when they gave in, and we brought in a verdict of 'Not guilty.' And then I was ready to stab myself with spite."

"What about?"

"Cause the mob had hung the prisoner on the very first day we were locked up!"

They have societies in Iowa where the lady is weighed before entering the dining room and also directly when she leaves it, and her escort pays fifty cents a pound for the increase in her weight. This calls to mind the story of the Western railroad eating-house which adopted the same plan. One summer day a shrewd commercial prepared himself for the meal by filling his coat-pockets with stones. He was weighed, and seated himself at a table near the open window, where he managed to throw the stones away without being observed. When he was weighed on going to settle up, it was discovered that the house owed him \$3.75.

Young Digby (of Digby & Co., the local grocer)—Oh, yes, Times is not a bad fellow, but he's terribly sarcastic. The other day I asked him to fix me up a nice motto to go over the counter. What do you think he wrote? Chorus—Give it up, What? Y. D.—That one, "Honest tea is the best policy."



## Short Stories Retold.

At a council of generals early in the American war, one of them remarked that Major — was wounded, and would be unable to perform a certain duty for which he had been suggested. "Wounded!" said old "Stonewall" Jackson; "if that is really so, I think it must have been by an accidental discharge of his duty!"

Charles Dickens once received an invitation to a "Walter Scott" party, each guest being expected to appear in the character of one of the other of Scott's heroes. On the eventful night, however, Dickens appeared in simple evening-dress. The host asked him which of Scott's characters he represented. "Why, sir," replied Dickens, "I am a character you will find in every one of Scott's novels. I am the 'gentle reader'."

An old darkey, who was asked if, in his experience, prayer was ever answered, replied: "Well, sah, some prays is ansud and some isn't—pends on w'at you axes fo'. Jest arter de wah, w'en it was mighty hard scratchin' fo' de cullud brederin, I 'barrer dat w'enebber I pray de Lo'd to sen' one o' Marse Peyton's fat chickens fo' de old man, dere was no notice took ob de partition; but w'en I pray dat He would sen' de ole man fo' de chicken, de matter was 'tended to befo' sun-up next mornin'."

A rich financier once called upon Victorien Sardou and explained briefly that the passion of his life was to attend on the first night of the representation of a play. "Sorry I can't oblige you," said Sardou, anticipating the request. "I thought not, M. Sardou, but I have an idea. I have a beautiful daughter, eighteen years old. I will give her two hundred thousand francs if your son will accept her as his wife; then, being the father-in-law of the son of the author, I shall have a right, as a member of the family of the author, to assist on the first nights of his pieces."

A professor was lately lecturing at the Harvard Annex to a class of three. In the course of his talk he came to an exposition of his views as to woman's functions in the body politic. "Women," he said, "are merely the element of beauty in life; their business is to make life graceful, and they can't do that, you know, unless they themselves are pretty and graceful. If a girl is not pretty, she might just as well vanish from the face of the earth—that is," he qualified, as he gazed at the three sober-spectacled faces in front of him—"er, unless—she's tolerably pretty, you know."

A few weeks ago an American publisher wrote to Oscar Wilde, asking him for a "story of one hundred thousand words," for which he offered to pay "so and so." The gentle soul of the artist was disturbed. He did not take it kindly that his wares should be appraised by the yard, like ribbon. He wrote back to the New York publisher: "DEAR SIR,—I have received your charming letter, and have spent two or three days in delightful contemplation. I should like to write the story, but I do not see how I can do so. Unfortunately, there are not one hundred thousand words in the English language."

The Ainu, an uncivilized tribe on the Island of Yezo, are not at all fond of bathing. Indeed, they share the Chinese idea that it is only dirty people who need continual washing. They do not regard themselves as dirty, and, therefore, dispense with the uncleanly habit. "You white people must be very dirty," said an Ainu to a traveler, as the latter was preparing to take a plunge into a limpid river, "as you tell me you bathe in the river every day." "And what about yourself?" was the question in turn. "Oh!" replied he with an air of contempt, "I am very clean and have never needed washing."

Colonel Breckinridge has two sons—one a lawyer aiding in the defence of his father; the other, named for his grandfather, Robert J. Breckinridge, is of a wild disposition. Just before the breaking out of the Breckinridge-Pollard scandal, Bob got on a spree and had several fights. Colonel Breckinridge telegraphed from Washington to put him in jail and keep him there until he returned, which instructions were followed. It was decided to send Bob on a sea voyage, and just as he was boarding a vessel he read an account of his father's doings with Miss Pollard, and wired his brother: "Put the old man in jail, and keep him until I return, three years hence."

An honest mistake was that of a colored man in the South, whose former master had allowed him the use of a piece of land on condition that he, the owner, should receive one-fourth of the crop. When the corn was ripe, the laborer hauled three loads to his own house and none to that of the white man. Then he went innocently up to the great house to return the landlord's wagon which he had used in the hauling. "Well, Frank," said the gentleman, "where's my share of the corn?" "You ain't got none, sah," was the reply. "Haven't you any? Why, wasn't I to have a fourth of all you raised?" "Yes, sah, but dey wa'n't no fourth. Dere wa'n't but jes' my three loads!"

James Payn tells an amusing story concerning a well known club in Pall Mall. A member lost his umbrella there, and caused the following notice to be put up in the entrance hall: "The nobleman who took away an umbrella, not his own, on such a date, is requested to return it." The house committee took umbrage at this statement, and summoned the member who had composed it before them. "Why, sir," they said, "should you have supposed that a nobleman had taken your umbrella?" "Well," he replied, "the first article in the club rules says that 'This club is composed of noblemen and gentlemen,' and since the person who stole my umbrella could not have been a gentleman, he must have been a nobleman."

Friend—Your story in the *Highbone Magazine* begins all right; but it seems to break off in the middle.

Successful Author—That's the way the editors like things nowadays. You will find the other half in the *Bangup Monthly*, under a different title.—Puck.

## Spring Gowns.

IT MAY be considered as established that for the next two months the best-dressed women will wear coats and skirts. For these, cloths, tweeds and chevots have reappeared in all their pristine elegance. The newest tailor coats are shorter than the three-quarter Prince Albert that has been worn the past winter, although Adolphe, Redfern and Doucet are still making the long garment to the knees. Coats are still worn both single and double-breasted, and the *garcon de cafe* jacket keeps its popularity. For spring these fetching little jackets are worn with vest of cloth or pique and a dicky. A charming model that was made recently was of navy blue and white cloth in large, solid-looking checks. The skirt had a plain narrow front breadth, finished at the top on either side with three large, exquisitely carved buttons, which gave the *chic* to the gown. All the seams of the skirt were made overlapping and piped with dark blue, and in each side of the narrow front breadth was set a very narrow panel, slashed in the middle as high as the knee, piped with blue and finished with a button. The waist jacket had a revers faced with blue cloth. A low double-breasted vest of white pique, finished with a small revers and a puffed dicky—if it might be called a dicky. It looked like the old-fashioned puffing that people used to buy by the yard, and was completed by a high straight collar and worn with a black tie. The sleeves were pleated at the top in a box pleat with three side pleats on either side, and finished at the bottom with a cuff piped with dark blue.

White pique and duck costumes seem to be less talked about for this year than the fine checked cotton chevots and the fancy linens. And blouses will have soft fronts instead of the severely starched things, exactly like the *chemises d'homme* that were worn last summer. Some pretty little riding-habits have been seen lately in the Bols with short cut-away coats worn over polka-dotted shirts with stiff collars and men's ties. In spring wraps far and away the most popular things are the little collets or capes, very near relations to those that were worn this winter, but shorter, half-grown, as it were, in this early spring weather. They reach just above the belt in back and front, and just above the elbow on each side, and are most fly-away, butterfly-looking little affairs. A charming model has three little full round capes, one above the other, of *moire*, each finished with an edge of ostrich feather trimming, and round the neck a big *ruche* of *point d'esprit*. Another beautiful collet is a single cape of black velvet, with a square collar of *moire* edged with a wide side pleating of *point d'esprit*, headed with two rows of jet passementerie. The *point d'esprit* pleating falls just a little over the shoulders, and a full double pleating of the same lace goes round the neck. Still another has a foundation of black cloth covered with a cape and collar of tulle *greque*, each trimmed with three rows of narrow black *moire* ribbon. The *ruche* of the same tulle at the neck is tied with wide *moire* ribbon that falls down to form long ends in front. Many of the newest models for outside wraps are made with what is called a stole in front, two long narrow pieces falling to the knees, edged with a garniture to recall the trimming of the cape, and when the wrap has no stole it often has a long cravat of *moire* that gives the same effect. The cravat is about half the width of the incroyable scarfs that are just breathing their last expiring breaths, it is to be hoped, for they were never pretty, and I doubt if they were ever worn by the really best people.

For dressy spring gowns the favorite materials seem to be cloth, *moire*, and taffeta, especially the last. Here are a series of pretty toilettes that have been worn lately in Paris, either at the theaters or the races, almost the only two places where one sees any toilette at this season of the year: A costume of black and white striped pique. Plain skirt, corsage with a high belt of black velvet coming from the side seams, and forming a sort of vest, double-breasted, and finished with two rows of large buttons. The upper part of the corsage, of the silk, turned away in revers in front, and filled in with white *mousseline de soie*, with a cravat of *mousseline de soie*. The back of the dress, *princesse*. A dress of gazelle-colored *satin de laine*, trimmed with velvet ribbon and bands of *guipure* outlined in relief with beads and silk in lovely tints. The dress is made with two skirts, the upper one *princesse*, slightly draped over the other on the left side. A band of the *guipure* goes round the under-skirt, and outlines a square neck on the waist. At the corner of the square on the left side is a large rosette of velvet, with long ends falling on to the skirt, where they are fastened with a second rosette, and then fall to meet the *guipure* band on the under-skirt. Rosettes of velvet on the shoulders, from which fall little jabs of the *guipure*. Puffed sleeves with *guipure* cuffs, and a band of velvet tied round the elbows, finished with a rosette.

A beautiful dress with skirt of gray *moire* antique and blouse of gray *mousseline de soie* trimmed with Sevres blue velvet.

The skirt is slightly gathered on each side of the front, is straight towards the back, and then gathered again. The collar round the neck and full blouse are of the *mousseline de soie*, with lace falling over the shoulders from under a tiny rolling collar of the *guipure*. The upper part of sleeve and high belt of blue velvet. A dress of scarlet *crepon* trimmed with *guipure*, the *guipure* put on in a sort of stole, caught on either side of the front with rosettes of pale blue velvet. A dress of *beige mousseline de laine* trimmed with *guipure*. Corsage with a pointed yoke of *guipure* over silk, the lower part of the front shirred on to it, and trimmed with "applications" of *guipure*. A ruffle edged with *guipure*, narrow at the belt and falling wide on the shoulders, finishes the corsage. Skirt trimmed with two rows of *guipure* insertion. A purple *crepon* with a bolero of Italian *guipure*, which material also forms epaulettes over full sleeves. On the shoulders are two knots of blue velvet. A costume of *chine* silk, in old reds and tan, with an under-skirt of old red velvet. The skirt is caught up in three places, and the silk arranged to form little fans for heading where it is caught. Corsage made with a corselet of red velvet. As general suggestions for taffetas, *chine*, and summer silks, let me say that they are to be made with draped skirts, with a slight movement on one side, as the French say. The under-skirt often trimmed with lace, galloons, embroidery, or jets. Shaded and *chine moires* will be generally worn, and lovely Louis XVI. taffetas covered with tiny bouquets. There is a new shade of *chine* blue, with an exquisite brocade of white lilacs, and there are delicious pale pinks garlanded with roses, and lovely effects in gold and black. *Chateaines* are worn again, hung with all sorts of bibelots and Louis XVI. flasks and seals, and there is a rage for fancy dog-collars fastened with quaint clasps and bars. Walking gloves are white, of rather heavy kid, and four-buttoned.

LA MODE.

## New Books and Magazines.

No writer in Canada has contributed so much useful material to public and private libraries as Dr. J. G. Bourinot of Ottawa. We have received a copy of his latest book, *Procedure of Public Meetings*, and find it simply invaluable to men who find themselves called upon to preside at meetings of any kind, where order and method are desirable. Bourinot has become the one unimpeachable authority on all questions of parliamentary procedure, his opinion accepted as a supreme verdict in the Dominion House and in all the Legislatures. There is probably no man of our day in this country who has achieved a bigger thing than this—to be, during his life, the acknowledged final authority on a host of questions that have been traditionally open to controversy of opinions among the best informed. Bourinot, being alive, looms so large in the public eye, it is easy to predict for him a great posthumous fame, for a student is seldom honored properly until he is dead. Every municipality should possess this book, and every man whose duties connect him with public meetings.

"Was there no one to sympathize with the poor wretch who was being lynched?" "I believe a voice did call out and tell him his necktie was up behind."—Puck.

"What on earth are you doing?" asked a friend, finding the Colorado lawyer putting a special point on his bowtie.

"Why, old Hanks has brought suit against me, and I am filing my answer."—Puck.

Angelina—That was a lovely engagement-ring you gave me last night, dear; but what do those initials, E.C., mean on the inside? Edwin—Why—er—that—is—don't you know that's the new way of stamping eighteen carats? Judge.

## Transmigration of the Soul.

Dr. Edward Bedloe came over from Philadelphia one night recently and was entertaining a choice group of friends with tales of the far East. In the edge of the group sat a man from Pennsylvania, who had come over from Pottsville on some Government business. He was all ears and eagerness. His name was Strauss. Finally the restraint became too intense and he broke loose:

"Doctor," said he, "what is dot new relichun I heers off about China? My wife has got it ferry bad, und I don't understand it." "Tell me the name," said Bedloe. "Is it Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Shintoism, Taoism, Confucianism, or what?"

"No, it is no isms, but der name is like a tramp's migrashun of der soul, ain't it?" "Oh, you doubtless mean transmigration of the soul."

"Yah, dot's it. Yust tell me apout dot." "Certainly. Transmigration of the soul is a pretty poetic doctrine of metempsychosis, which our friends of the Theosophical Society have borrowed from the far East."

"Here, here, doctor, tell me vot dot means, so I can undershand what you vas talking about."

"All right—I will tell you in plain language."

Take yourself, for instance. You live to the allotted age of threescore years and ten, and then you pass away. Your soul goes into the body of a bird—a canary, we'll say—and from your gilded cage you fill a lady's boudoir with melody, living a life of luxury and fed from the dainty fingers of beauty—

"Oh, dot is beautiful, beautiful! I like dot." "And then you die again, and your soul goes into a lovely flower in a garden, and you fill the air with fragrance and delight the eyes with your exquisite color and delicacy of petals—"

"Ah, dot is fine. I like dot relichun." "As I was saying when you interrupted me, you live the life of a flower, until one day a donkey gets into the garden and, attracted by your loveliness, he eats you, and your soul passes into the donkey—"

"Yah, yah." "When some former acquaintance comes along, strokes your long ears and says: 'Why, Strauss, is it you? How little you have changed!'"—Washington Post.

Miss Gush—Oh, colonel, just look at those magnificent elms. I am sure you love trees. Colonel Blank—Dear Miss Gush, I learned to love them during the war.—Life.

## "For Years,"

Says LARRIE E. STOCKWELL, of Chesterfield, N. H., "I was afflicted with an extremely severe pain in the lower part of the chest. The feeling was as if a ton weight was laid on a spot the size of my hand. During the attacks, the perspiration would stand in drops on my face, and it was agony for me to make sufficient effort even to whisper. They came suddenly, at any hour of the day or night, lasting from thirty minutes to half a day, leaving as suddenly; but, for several days after, I was quite prostrated and sore. Sometimes the attacks were almost daily, then less frequent. After about four years of this suffering, I was taken down with bilious typhoid fever, and when I began to recover, I had the worst attack of my old trouble I ever experienced. At the first of the fever, my mother gave me Ayer's Pills, my doctor recommending them as being better than anything he could prepare. I continued taking these Pills, and so great was the benefit derived that during nearly thirty years I have had but one attack of my former trouble, which yielded readily to the same remedy."

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### The War About Jenkins's Ear.

This Jenkins in 1731 had sailed to the West Indies as master of the Rebecca. After loading a cargo of sugar at Jamaica he proceeded on his homeward voyage. But contrary winds preventing his progress, he was for some time kept hanging about near the Havana. While there he was boarded by a Spanish guardacosta, and although nothing contraband was discovered, nor was it proved that he had visited any of the prohibited ports, he was, nevertheless, treated with great and brutal cruelty. He was hanged up at the yard-arm to extort a confession as to the whereabouts of the supposed contraband goods. The halter, however, not working satisfactorily, the cabin-boy was tied to his feet to add to its efficacy; but, the Spaniards apparently not being adepts in the art of knots and nooses, the boy succeeded in escaping, much to the relief of Jenkins. He, poor fellow, was hoisted up three times, but as no confession could be wrung from him he was at last released, but not before one of the Spaniards, in his exasperation, tore off Jenkins's left ear, which had previously been nearly severed by a blow from one of their cutlasses. The ear was then flung in his face, and he was told to take it to his king and tell him about it. The coast-guard then left, taking with them the Rebecca's sextant and other property and goods to the value of \$12.

Jenkins's story, as delivered to the House of Commons, created a great sensation, especially when, after producing the ear wrapped up in cotton-wool, he was asked what his feelings had been while so cruelly treated. He replied, "I recommended my soul to God and my cause to my country." And his country justified his confidence by taking up his cause with fervor and enthusiasm, although there were many who denied that Jenkins had ever lost his ear, and others, more cruel still, who, while admitting his loss, suggested that the pillory had had more to do with it than the Spaniards. However, be the truth what it may, Walpole had, after fruitless pacific negotiations, to bow to the popular demand, and measures were taken to retaliate on Spain. On July 10, 1739, an order in council was issued for reprisals and granting letters of marque, and on October 19 following, war was formally declared.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*.

### Men Who Were Great Eaters.

The "glutton of Kent" Fuller places among his worthies, who devoured at a single meal "four score rabbits and eighteen black puddings, London measure." Coming down to more recent times, there is the probably apocryphal story of a Scotsman who ate a solan goose by way of a whet for dinner, and of a Welsh nobleman who devoured a covey of partridges for breakfast every morning. There is also a well known legend, which found its way into *Punch*, of a certain eminent politician who entered an eating-house near the Old Bailey, and, after putting away seven pounds and a half of cold boiled beef, observed cheerfully to the landlord, "Capital beef, this! One may cut and come again here." To which the landlord, regarding him grimly, made reply, "Sir, you may cut, but I'm d—d if you shall come again!"

We are tempted to add one more story, which we believe has not as yet found its way into print. On the Derby Day, a few years ago, a well known man of business—let us call him Mr. X.—went down to Epsom with the rest of the world, and, after the great race was over, bethought himself of lunch. It was then four o'clock, and he was ravenously hungry. Seeing no friendly coach or carriage at hand, he entered one of the refreshment booths, where a three-and-sixpenny meal was provided for all comers. He attacked some ribs of beef, and soon cleared them to the bone; then he "went for" a chicken, which also disappeared; finally he espied a pigeon pie at the other end of the table, which had not yet been touched, and ordered the waiter to bring it to him. But the waiter, after a whispered conference with an individual in black, who had been observing Mr. X.'s performance with suspicion and alarm, came and said confidentially:

"If you please, sir, the governor says as how he won't charge you nothing for anything, if you'll go away at once."

Mr. X., however, insisted on his rights, and declined this obliging offer; then he proceeded to make a vigorous onslaught on the pigeon pie.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

### Boysish Curiosity.

Scene, evening. Freddy (looking at picture book)—Pa, I say, pa.

"Well, what is it now?"

"Why do giraffes have such long necks?"

"They were made that way so that they could reach the high trees on which they feed."

Freddy (after thinking)—Why weren't the trees made lower instead?

As Freddy says, there's two ways of being warm in bed, either warming the bed or getting warmed before going to bed.

### A Story of the Sea.

Mr. Snow in his reminiscences, which he unfortunately never finished, tells in connection with his sufferings a gruesome tale of a sea-monster, who flogged his apprentice so savagely about the head and face with a knotted cord that the poor lad sprang overboard and was drowned. When the ship arrived at Liverpool, the widowed mother of the lad was at the dock waiting to welcome her only son. The captain reported he had fallen overboard off the Bahamas and was drowned. "Drowned!" cried a terrible voice, proceeding none knew from where or whom. "Murdered!" the skipper flogged him mad. He jumped overboard out of his pain. The mother shrieked and fell senseless on the pier. When she recovered consciousness, she knelt down in the presence of the crew and solemnly prayed God to send his murderer to the same fate that he doomed her boy.

Next voyage, so the story goes, as the ship was passing the Bahamas the captain was looking over the lee quarter at some sharks which were playing near where the boy had been drowned, when suddenly the dead boy's

voice called from the deep, the ship gave a sudden lurch, and the captain fell headlong into the sea. Before those on board quite realized what had happened, there was a swift rush of sharks to the spot, and all that was ever seen of the demon captain was a crimson spot on the waves. Mr. Snow tells the tale as it was told to him, but he adds that since he began to keep regular journals he has met with too many extraordinary coincidences in his own life for him to have antecedent scepticism as to the possibility of such a story being strictly true.—*Review of Reviews*.

### Mustn't Marry Too Often.

The Holy Russian Synod, which has its see at St. Petersburg, has settled that persons who marry for the third time will have to undergo a public punishment, lasting from three to six days. What the punishment consists of we are not told, but we may remind our readers of the arguments and opinion of St. Peter, the celestial doorkeeper. One day a person presented himself at the entrance of the sojourn of the blessed. The doorkeeper of Paradise was that day in a bad humor, and made great difficulties. The other cut the conversation short by saying, "I have been a great sinner upon earth, I confess, but I have had a wife and—"

"Oh," interrupted the saint, "you might have told me sooner; if you have been married you have already undergone your allotted purgatory—enter!"

Immediately afterward a second good soul presented himself at the celestial doors. "And to me you ought to give a better place, for I have been twice married."

St. Peter raised his stick with the silver ball and rated him soundly. "Married twice! I never heard of such a thing; go away at once. Paradise is not intended for such people!"

What would St. Peter have said to those who had had three wives, or more, we wonder, Henry VIII. of famous memory into the bargain!—*Modern Society*.

### The Plan Was Abandoned.

A story is told in the English papers of a busy and advanced clergyman in the suburbs of London who used the phonograph to aid him in his pastoral duties. It happened that the unfortunate clergyman was overworked, having charge of two parishes. It occurred to him that by preaching his discourse into the phonograph on Saturday it could be "ground out" by an assistant on Sunday afternoon to one congregation, relieving him of the otherwise necessary obligation of delivering two discourses. The scheme was given a trial and proved satisfactory. One Saturday morning the clergyman delivered his discourse for the following day into the funnel of the phonograph, not, however, without interruption. Everything went along smoothly at the service the next afternoon, the congregation becoming very much interested in the discourse of Moses, until the phonograph repeated the pastor's words in a loud voice, "And what did Moses say to the children of Israel?" A short silence only served to make the congregation to this question, when to the utter surprise of all assembled the beloved voice of their pastor ground out: "Tell the gentleman to call again—I'm out."

### The Shah's Favorite.

The Shah of Persia, according to foreign papers, has forgotten the little boy who followed him to Europe on his last journey as a tall man, and has made a prime favorite of his Court painter. The artist has won an unbounded influence over His Majesty. One day recently a high official of the empire became filled with a wild desire to see the painter at work in his studio. The painter threw the intruder out and shut the door. But the great man was determined to carry out his plan. He returned to the studio, broke open the door, and re-entered the room. The angry artist fell upon the official and painted his face a bright color. Fearing the displeasure of the great man and his friends, he then fled from the studio. But the happy thought came to him to seek the Shah. "Fear not," said His Majesty after hearing the report of the artist.

The Court favorite had hardly finished his story when the official, his face still covered with the fresh paint, presented his complaint to the Shah. "You are wrong," said His Majesty; "you must be punished." He then condemned the official to two years' imprisonment because he had broken into a private room and stolen painters' colors with his cheeks! The unhappy man is now serving his sentence, and the painter is mounting higher and higher in the favor of the Court.

### Before Marengo

Bourrienne tells us how the First Consul, in his Cabinet in Paris, traced the march to Marengo and laid his finger on the spot in the map where he would fight and defeat the Austrian army—a prodigy of calculation, if we recollect the circumstances:

"When he had stationed the enemy's corps and drawn up the pins with red heads on the points where he hoped to bring his own troops, he said to me: 'Where do you think I shall beat Melas?' 'How the devil do I know?' 'Why, look here, you fool! Melas is at Alessandria with his headquarters. There he will remain until Genoa surrenders. He has in Alessandria his magazines, his hospitals, his artillery and his reserves. Crossing the Alps here' (pointing to the Great Mont St. Bernard), 'I shall fall upon Melas, cut off his communications with Austria and meet him here in the plains of Scrivia.'—*Temple Bar*.

### Robert Browning as a Musical Critic.

If music is a "peculiar art," chosen of the elect, if she carries her own torch and makes her own paths, there has been raised up for her in the latter days a prophet and interpreter in Robert Browning. He does not treat music as merely illustrative of his thoughts, nor as only a treasure-trove of imagery. He is the first English poet to give musically and continuously proof in verse that musical "Art" is called Art because it is not Nature." A philosophy of what Wagner calls the "inner essen-

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tial nature of music," is found in Browning. "He has given us," says Canon Farrar, "one perfect musician, an example of a noble life." This "richest, deepest, and fullest poem on music in the language," as Symonds has called "Abt Vogler," treats of music in its dual nature of science and art. Browning sees and deals with the visible and invisible realities of art; he also hears music from the inside and outside. Almost alone of poets, his perception of the emotional content of music is firm-footed on the basis of a vigorous understanding of the art. Like his own ideal painter, he lifts each foot in turn, goes a double step, makes his flesh liker, and his soul more like. His specific knowledge of the material and constructive laws of music keeps pace with his appreciation for that in music which eludes analysis and defies demonstration. Not often since the Celtic bard has poet been also musician.—*Musica*.

### His Reason.

Friend (to artist)—What reason can you give for representing the New Year as a nude small boy?

"That is done because the year does not get its close till the 31st of December."

Then the captious friend went out and broke his nice new pledge.

### They Looked at Him.

In a class of natural history at Oxford. The professor is nettled at the inattention of his pupils: "Gentlemen, I demand your attention. I am giving you an interesting lecture on the personal peculiarities of the monkey. The least you can do is to look at me."

### Junius Wasn't In It.

She—The Letters of Junius I regard as the most wonderful compositions in the language.

He—They don't compare with Jack Hardy's. Why, he wrote a letter of condolence to a widow, and she took off her mourning immediately.

### Strikingly Effective.

Somebody complimented Sydney Smith on a charity sermon he had preached, to which the divine replied: "I believe it was effective, for old Lady Cork borrowed a sovereign of a stranger in the pew to put on the plate."

Missouri Judge—Stand up, sir. Have you anything to say why the sentence of the law should not be passed on you?

"I'm not the prisoner, your honor, I'm a detective."

Judge (decided)—Is that any reason?—*Cleveland Plaindealer*.

"I am told that you are actually studying Italian."

"Yes. Didn't you know? I have now been at it six months under a master."

"With any marked success?"

"Oh, certainly. He is beginning to talk German fairly well."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"How is your son getting along in college?" asked Farmer Cornstossel's neighbor.

"Pretty well in some ways. I don't know how he's doing in his studies. But from his last photograph, I judge he's discovered a hair tonic that'll make his fortune."—*Washington Star*.

Mrs. Hicks—Dick teased in vain for two years before he got his bicycle.

Mrs. Dix—How did his Uncle Ned happen to buy it for him?

Mrs. Hicks—I don't know; he took a sudden dislike to the boy.—*Puck*.

They came to a sidewalk where the ice was well covered with ashes. Said the young lady, in grateful accents: "Thank goodness! there's one Christian on this street."

"Yes," said her escort abstractedly, "Mr. Solomon Isaacstein lives here."—*Boston Transcript*.

Minister—So you don't think I practice what I teach, deacon?

Deacon—Well, considering that you have been preaching on the subject of resignation for the past thirty-seven years, I don't quite think you do.—*Truth*.

Rural Raggee—Day tell me yer gittin' ter be a wues dood dan ever, Tatta.

Tramping Tatters—Who's been givin' yer dat lay-out?

Rural Raggee—All of de boys. Day say yer put brilliantine on de fringe o' yer pants.—*Puck*.

Jess—You said you were going to speak to father when you met him at the club.

Jack—I saw him only once and then he was two hundred dollars behind the game.—*Puck*.

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### Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

JACKO—No, I will not. The study is not good for anything, being most unnatural and affected.

A DAUGHTER OF EVE—I quite recall studying your hand writing. If you missed your delineation that isn't my fault. I really cannot give you a second.

STRAWBERRY—What could I tell you from such an unformed hand? It is not horrid, far from it, for it is plain and promises well, but *que voulez-vous?* There isn't a particle of grown-upness in it. Bids a wee, my pretty maid.

TORNEY—Kindly read answer to H. P. M. L. in last week's issue. Your writing is, or rather will be, very similar to hers. I don't think everyone flies to a fortune-teller, nor do I believe everyone knows his or her own characteristics. At present yours are not developed.

GIRLIE—Your writing is rather peculiar and original, and shows a slight want of directness and sincerity. You are vivacious, kind-hearted, somewhat cautious, and slightly idealistic. I think you might be a very charming person, if not an altogether reliable one.

LITTLE FLO AND MARION T.—Both these studies are remarkable for ease, amiability, bright and pleasant dispositions, and a practical and matter-of-fact turn. Sympathy, tact and taste are shown in both. Little Flo is the better developed and both should be most charming girls, with their life before them.

PETER.—What a trying man you must be, always so correct in your conclusions and ever ready to lay down the law. You are too nice to criticize much, Peter. Affection, social instinct, love of ease and material comfort, poor judgment but clear sequence of ideas, order, hope, veracity, lack of snap, but lots of sense are yours.

KATHLEEN M.—Originally, honor and intense love of effort, together with some affection, and an honest but slightly erratic purpose, love of society, perseverance and some imagination are shown. Writer should be clever but not cultured, and general disposition bright and hopeful. This study is not only bookhand but written on ruled paper.

DARLING.—You are very fond of conversation, very pleasant in disposition, decidedly feminine in all your tastes, without much imagination or enterprise but very capable in your own lines. Your nature is quietly persevering, and you are self-assertive in a nice little way, and a little tenacious. You rather lack fineness of perception, and tact, but are refined and rather cultured.

CRICKET.—Your handwriting is charming, because it reveals a cultured, clever and refined mind, lots of independence and energy, humor and enough variety and impulse to relieve any monotony. Your will is beautifully constant as are your affections. You have bright perception, tenacity, enough quickness of temper to render you lively, and I am quite sure you are a person whose friendship is well worth having.

CHICAGO—1. And were you in it, too, my boy? Waa's it fine? 2. Your very breezy and interesting writing shows a lot of ambition and a capacity for affairs, some love of comfort, extreme logic and fondness for social intercourse, a hasty judgment and impetuous feeling, rather a generous mind and persistent nature, buoyancy and a generally direct and honest method. Really you should be a successful lawyer. Are you?

ATERS IN BAL—1. The main characteristics of the enclosure are ardent and decided affection, demonstrative speech, and a good deal of love of luxury. I cannot delineate it. 2. Your own writing shows excessive love of ease and luxury, rather strong emotional nature, some love of society and an original method and tone of thought. You are much influenced by appearances and have fine force, which might be available for good if properly directed.

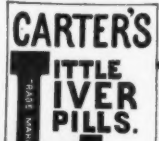
SEPHINE—I am very fond of Miss Manner, though I think I prefer Felix to any of George Eliot's books, and my fair correspondent, George Eliot was not a man but a woman. 2. Your very fine study shows much character, honesty, self reliance and sequence of ideas. The writer is logical, large minded and very strong in purpose and bright in perception as well as manner. Some wit, some ambition and a rising tendency are also observable. I think some deeper thought would add to your attractions.

VINA HANBLER.—Have I not already given you a study? It seems to me your writing is familiar, but perhaps you have been writing to hurry me up. You sent five times too much in this study at all events, but better too much than too little. You are extremely amiable, hopeful, and somewhat of an adept at managing others to your own mind. Your judgment is not always infallible, but you are anxious to be fair, and abhor any double-dealing. You are rather a logician and practical in method. Your writing might be improved by more snap and force.

ELLAYNER—I am quite sure you would not do anything so foolish as go to see a lady five times and be told "Not

at home." You are much too sensible; in fact, being sensible is your strong point. I am sorry not to have answered you before Christmas, but you had to wait your turn. You are a very pleasant, sweet-tempered and appreciative person, fond of beauty, kind and sympathetic in your nature and most sincere and truthful. Your will is rather wobbly and your self-reliance and decision needs a tonic. Some ability and imagination are yours, with ambition and hope. The whole study has an air of buoyancy.

FINISHAM, GURLEH.—Extreme force with excellent control are characteristic of this study. Writer is steady, constant, practical, decidedly matter-of-fact, and lacks refinement. If it were not that you assure me you are a "female" I should not have suspected it from your study; consequently I should not like to guess at what you are like. As to your question about the various studies sent in, they are quite as numerous as before and generally of a higher grade. I get very few silly letters from uncultured girls, and never any I cannot study with pleasure from others. Your own study is decidedly interesting, and I am sure you would make a good friend whom one could trust. It lacks femininity and is therefore not satisfactory, but has so much power and frankness that one feels like overlooking the lack. Now, I have not spared you, and I also hope I have not offended you.



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## Music.

**M**UCH fault is found from time to time with the musical critics of leading English journals at their alleged indifference to the works of the great English composers of to-day. The London *Musical Opinion*, however, says that it is the public, and not the critics, who refuse to interest themselves in the musical productions of their native land. This wide-awake journal asks the pertinent question, "Why has *Job*, why has *Eden*, why has the *Rose of Sharon* been shelved after a spasmodic attempt to live? Not because the critics had ought to say *pro* and *con*, but because the great British public will not lend their aid to make the performances remunerative." The same journal draws attention to the character of "musical performances at home and abroad," and speaks thus concerning this subject: "It is perfectly true that we English have at any rate two composers quite as capable as any which Germany can show at the present moment—always excepting Brahms. But, speaking generally, is musical activity as great in England as it is in Germany, for instance? We think that if our correspondent will refer for a few months to, say, the *Signale*, he will notice how much more is attempted abroad than in our 'right little, tight little island.' No one acquainted with the facts can deny that in Berlin, Vienna, Leipzig, far more musical performances of works of the highest class take place than in London. In the matter of pianoforte recitals and those marvelous productions of modern civilization called 'grand concerts,' we most certainly have the advantage. But do these performances help musical education? The question of opera hardly applies, since—musical though the English be—they are not operative: which is odd, considering what a play-going nation they are."

I have received from the composer, Mr. Hunter Gowan, a copy of the Aberdeen Polka, which, by special permission and approval, has been dedicated to their Excellencies the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen. In accepting the dedication of Mr. Gowan's effective dance movement, the Governor General wrote the composer that he had heard the polka, that he was pleased with it, and complimented Mr. Gowan upon his work, adding that he would be gratified at having it dedicated to himself and her ladyship. The polka is tastefully gotten up, the title page being handsomely illuminated and made further interesting through admirable portraits of their Excellencies.

The United Choirs of Western Ontario, including all choir organizations between Berlin and Sarnia, are arranging for their annual monster excursion for the coming summer. It is expected that two thousand voices and one hundred instruments will participate in the concert connected with the event. The idea originated last year, when a remarkably successful gathering of many of the leading choirs of the western portion of Ontario assembled at Sarnia. The concert was a brilliant affair and revealed possibilities in the development of the choral resources of Peninsular Ontario which a continuation of these festivals from year to year may see realized. Besides the massed choruses, hymns and instrumental selections which proved so enjoyable last season, a competition has been announced in which choirs of no less than forty nor more than sixty voices are eligible to enter. This should prove one of the most interesting features of the festival, and if taken hold of by the leading choirs will probably contribute more to the improvement of the general standard of chorus singing in the western counties than any other cause.

Since Liszt's death the quiet little city of Weimar seems to have almost completely passed out of sight as a center of musical influence. The prestige given this quaint residential town of the Grand Dukes through Liszt's labors there has, perhaps, never been equaled by a place of similar size, unless we except Bayreuth, which contains about the same population. An American musician who is temporarily sojourning in Weimar writes the *Musical Courier* that Liszt's death was by no means Weimar's death blow. He claims that in opera, concert and musical instruction it still offers better advantages than any other place of ten times its size. It is at present the home of Richard Strauss, the eminent composer and conductor; Carl Halir, the celebrated violinist; Bernhard Stavenhagen, Liszt's great pupil; Eduard Lassen, the great song writer; Arma Senkrah, the Von Bronsart, Von Mildes and others of continental renown. The Weimar Opera has a glorious record, and under the direction of Strauss and Lassen is maintaining its old standard. Tourists, particularly musicians and people of literary tastes, will find more to interest them in Weimar for a short sojourn than probably in any other city in Germany. Reminiscences and relics of Liszt and other great musicians are met with on all sides. Goethe and Schiller are entombed in the Grand Ducal vaults, and the general atmosphere of the city breathes inspiration to all lovers of art.

The Amateur Musical and Dramatic Association of St. Catharines gave a most successful interpretation of Sullivan's *Pirates of Penzance* on Thursday evening of last week under the direction of Mr. R. Thomas Steele. The St. Catharines *Evening Star* describes the performance as having been a brilliant triumph, surpassing anything of the kind ever before heard in that city. The orchestra was brought from Lockport, N. Y.,

and aided much in the successful production of the opera. The performance was repeated on the following evening to a crowded house, and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed throughout. The local press speaks in flattering terms of Mr. Steele's work both as musical manager and stage director, and attributes "the main credit of the most successful amateur performance" ever given in St. Catharines to his skill as a conductor and vocal instructor.

Mrs. Fred W. Lee of this city assisted at a delightful parlor concert given at the residence of Mr. T. Littlehales of Hamilton on Monday evening of last week, and is thus spoken of by the *Hamilton Times*: "The leading feature of the concert was the piano playing of Mrs. Fred W. Lee of Toronto, which was marked by every quality that goes to make an artist—expression, breadth, thorough command of the instrument and thorough finish in her work."

The proposal to send an English chorus under Sir Joseph Barnby to Antwerp to represent English choral achievements at the forthcoming great exhibition in that city has been abandoned, owing to lack of funds to carry out the idea. This is to be regretted, as Sir Joseph is now recognized as the greatest of living choral conductors, and his Guildhall chorus, had the Antwerp visit materialized, would probably have gained as great a triumph as that won by Henry Leslie's celebrated choir in Paris some years ago.

A testimonial concert will be tendered the popular humorist, Mr. W. E. Ramsay, prior to his departure for England. The date has been fixed for April 30, and many of our best known and successful artists will appear. Mr. Harry W. Rich has charge of the arrangements, and this interesting event will doubtless be generously patronized by Mr. Ramsay's many friends and the public generally. Mr. Ramsay leaves for England owing to failing health, and will remain abroad indefinitely in hope of regaining his former strength.

Considerable interest is being felt in the concert to be given by the Toronto Ladies' String Orchestra, under Mrs. Adamson's direction, on Monday evening next. An attractive programme has been arranged for the occasion, including the second and third movements of Grieg's Peer Gynt and Wuer's Russian Suites, and other standard works for string orchestras. The Toronto Ladies' String Quartette will play Mendelssohn's *Molto Allegro Vivace*, op. 44. The orchestra, which numbers twenty-seven members, has attained to a highly creditable state of efficiency, as a result of the thorough training imparted by Mrs. Adamson. The following artists will contribute to what promises to be an unusually enjoyable occasion: Madame d'Auria, Miss Hillary, Mr. H. M. Field and Signor Giuseppe Dinelli. The plan is now open at Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's, Yonge street.

Signor Vegara's second opera concert was given at the Pavilion on Thursday evening of last week. There was a fair-sized audience and the performance was largely a repetition of the first concert presented at the Grand Opera House some time previously. The soloists, with the exception of a promising tenor, Mr. Beard, were the same as on the occasion of the original event. Miss Alice Burrows again won the most pronounced success of the evening, her singing giving many evidences of systematic and careful study in the past, which several of the other soloists will doubtless persevere in now that Signor Vegara's first venture with his pupils in the domain of grand opera has materialized. The signor announces his intention of producing *The Rose of Killarney*, an operatic setting of Colleen Bawn, next autumn.

The music hall of the Conservatory of Music was crowded to the doors on Thursday evening of last week by an enthusiastic audience, who had been attracted by an unusually interesting programme presented by vocal pupils of Signor and Madame d'Auria. The manner in which the varied programme of solos, duets and trios was rendered reflected most creditably upon the talent of the pupils and the ability and care shown by their teachers in their instruction. The following pupils participated: Misses Barrett, Cummes, Miller, Macdonald, Forest, Ratcliffe and Shepherd; Madames Jurey, Burritt and Parker, and Mr. Alfred Jury. The programme embraced compositions by Denza, Clay, Mozart, Bohm, Cantor, Godard, Rossini, St. Saens, Meyerbeer, Behrend, Mullen and Thomas. Several of the numbers, as might have been expected from the well known talent of the pupils taking part, aroused no small enthusiasm, the recital as a whole being a very enjoyable affair.

Indications point to a most successful gathering of the profession and their friends at the banquet of the Canadian Society of Musicians, to be held at Webb's on Thursday evening next. A gratifying and general response to the invitation sent out by the secretary has been received and ensures the success of the undertaking. As there appears to exist some misconception on the part of musical amateurs and others as to their eligibility to participate in the banquet, it might be stated that, as at the annual conventions of the society, "associate" members will be welcomed and admitted upon presentation of tickets.

Miss Lilli Kleiser, the popular soloist of St. James's cathedral choir and pupil of Mr. E. W. Schuch, has been engaged as soprano in the quartette of the Unitarian church, Buffalo. Miss Kleiser recently sang at a concert given by the Buffalo Saengerbund, under the direc-

tion of Mr. H. Jacobsen, and created so favorable an impression that she was immediately engaged to fill the important position mentioned.

The choir of St. Mary's church, Bathurst street, sings Rossini's *Stabat Mater* to-morrow evening. A chorus of sixty voices, with several talented vocalists and an orchestra, will take part in the production of this interesting work, which, it is announced, will be given in its entirety.

Herr Hermann Levy, the great Munich conductor, best known, however, in connection with his Bayreuth work, conducted several concerts in Paris recently and repeated the wonderful success achieved by Herr Mottl of Karlsruhe during the previous week.

The choir and Sunday School orchestra of Elm street Methodist church presented a varied programme of classical and popular music on Tuesday evening last in the main auditorium of the church, before an audience which taxed the seating capacity of that large room to the utmost. Mr. Thomas Alkenhead, one of our most enthusiastic local amateurs, under whose direction the concert was arranged, is to be congratulated upon the success of an entertainment the ambitious character of which might have tested the ability of many a professional musician. In the preparations for the event Mr. Alkenhead was unselfishly supported and assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Blight, to whose active sympathy much of the resulting success may be attributed. The orchestra, which had been augmented to a band of about forty performers, played most creditably both in their special selections and in several of the accompaniments. Solos were sung by Mrs. Fred Cox, soprano, Mrs. H. Otter, contralto, and Miss Agnes Dunlop of Detroit, contralto, who created so favorable an impression at a recent concert in the Central Methodist church. Mr. Blight's solo, *Honor and Arms*, from Samson, which was given with much dramatic power, proved one of the most effective numbers on the programme and was enthusiastically encored. Mrs. Cox in Haydn's *With Verdure* Clad also scored a pronounced success, Herr Kuchenmeister's violin solo, Handel's *Largo*, was deservedly encored. In response he played Raff's beautiful *Cavatina*, displaying a large tone and playing with much expression. Mr. J. Humfrey Anger's organ solos were masterly performances and won for him a well merited recall, to which he responded by a musicianly performance of his own *Scherzo* for organ, played from manuscript. The work of the choir in the heavier choruses, as well as in Sullivan's beautiful unaccompanied part song, was admirable. Mrs. Blight presided as accompanist during the evening in her usual artistic manner, the concert as a whole proving one of the most enjoyable church entertainments of this season and one which would bear repetition.

The Toronto Vocal Club, under the direction of Mr. W. J. McNally, gave a concert of unusual interest at St. Paul's Methodist church on Monday evening last. This club, which created a most favorable impression on the occasion of their first appearance at Broadway Tabernacle some time since, is steadily improving and bids fair to become a strong factor among local societies of its kind. Besides the combined work of the chorus, solos were sung by Miss Maggie Huston, soprano; Mrs. W. R. Forsyth, contralto; Mr. R. Gorrie, tenor. Mr. Henry P. Blackey, elocutionist, and the Harmony Male Quartette also contributed several numbers each.

An organ recital and sacred concert will be given in St. Basil's church on Wednesday evening, April 25, at 8 p.m., in aid of the choir fund. The organist will be Mr. F. A. Moore, and the choir will have the assistance of Mrs. Juliette D'Erville Smith, Mr. Fred Warrington and Mr. F. A. Anglin in vocal selections.

The musical critic of the *Wave*, San Francisco's society paper, pays the following graceful tribute to Miss Bessie Bonnell, who sang in that city recently: "Reviving the memory of certain of the most conspicuously beautiful voices will scarcely bring forward a more naturally gracious endowment than Miss Bonnell possesses; range, volume and, above all, the quality, have the finest essentials. In the multitudinous images called up by a real voice, none is richer in possibility than the contralto, and Miss Bonnell's voice has a charm lying particularly between the tones, comparable only to the ineffable sentiment sometimes seen in clear eyes filled with tender day-dreams. Without having any knowledge as to the length or opportunity of her studies, it is easy to see that this vocalist is in the student period and has not by any means solved the complexities of the singing art."

The following is an account by an interviewer of Mr. Ruskin's present manner of life: "He arises quite late. After breakfast he goes to his study and reads for awhile the newspapers or a book, and then he will walk out in the gardens or along the shores of the lake. He enjoys seeing old friends and young people. In the evening he nearly always has a game of chess. Music is also his delight, and they have much of it at Brantwood. His memory is yet vivid, and in company he is genial, and often talks as brightly as of old. His health has improved very much of late; so that now, in all but the power of resuming work, he is himself again, though very aged and feeble."

## A Wheat-Field on a Lake.

In the island of Corsica, near the head-waters of the little stream dignified with the name of Fagnano River, and about twenty-two miles from the village of Corte, there is a ten-acre field which is simply a subterranean lake covered with soil to the depth of about eighteen inches. Last year a field of wheat was cultivated upon this odd piece of soil which yielded thirty-five bushels to the acre. A person of curious turn of mind who wishes to investigate for himself and who will take the trouble to dig a hole a spade-handle-length or more in depth will find that he has dug entirely through the covering of soil to the surface of the lake, which repeated soundings prove to be from twenty-five to eighty feet in depth.

Through the opening thus made fish may be caught which have neither eyes nor scales.

The soil covering of this curious subterranean lake is a black marl made up of centuries of accumulations of vegetable matter. All work in this unique field must of necessity be done by hand, the soil not being of sufficient strength or thickness to bear the weight of horses and machinery. The whereabouts of this natural wonder is known to everybody on the islands.—*Philadelphia Press*.

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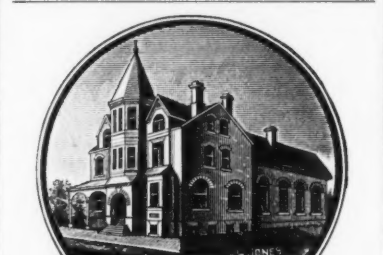
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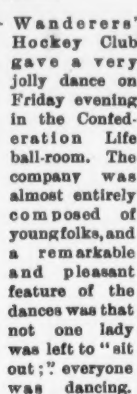
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Business Insured .....	\$2,496,810
(Increase over 1892) .....	427,860
Cash Income .....	\$287,340
(Increase over 1892) .....	45,626
Assets \$1st December, 1893 .....	678,738
(Increase over 1892) .....	127,671
Expenses on Policyholders' Accounts .....	164,638
(Increase over 1892) .....	30,992

Showing a total Insurance in force at 1st January, 1894,  
of nearly NINE MILLION DOLLARS.

ROBERT GOODERMAN, President. JOHN F. ELLIS, Managing Director.

GEO. A. PERLING, Secretary.

Miss McKeeown, soprano for the past year of Westminster church, also of Both Churches Buffalo, will leave that city shortly for her home in Toronto, preparatory to her marriage to Mr. W. D. Borrow of New York city, which is to take place in June. Afterwards they will take up their residence in New York. The musical people of Buffalo are sincerely sorry to lose Miss McKeeown, as she is a soprano singer of ability.

The Athletic Club was on Wednesday afternoon the scene of a pretty exhibition of calisthenics and swimming by some of the children and ladies who have been taking instructions from Miss Sternberg during the past few weeks. A very large party of ladies were present and expressed great pleasure and interest in the affair. These classes are likely to be of much greater benefit and interest than others which have been organized in private parlors, for the space and resources of the gymnasium are grandly suited to such instruction. Mrs. Howard and Miss Meredith gave a few movements with dumb-bells, which were beautifully done to an accompaniment of music. The ladies present then descended to the bathers' floor, where a party of mermaids were swimming, diving, floating and splashing to their hearts' content. The water looked beautifully clean and the ladies were quite at home in its limpid depths. Miss Lee of Jarvis street swam most gracefully; Miss L. Gooderham of Waverly was another pretty figure beneath the waves;

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Richard Genée's greatest work, with full cast and

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MR. JOSEPH FAHEY of New York (late of Toronto) will be Stage Manager, and MR. E. W. BOHUOH Musical Conductor.

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**MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 23**  
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**TORONTO LADIES' STRING ORCHESTRA**  
Conductress, Mrs. DRECHSLER-ADAMSON  
Assisted by Madame D'Avria, Miss Hillary, Mr. H. M.  
Field, Signor Giuseppe Dineoli.  
Tickets at all music stores. Plan opens at Courlay,  
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The Cash Dividends will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May inclusive.

Notice is also given that the General Annual Meeting of the Company will be held on the 1st day of June the 5th at the office of the Company, for the purpose of receiving the Annual Report, the Election of Directors, etc.

By the order of the Board.

S. C. WOOD,  
 Managing Director.

The 10th April 1904

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### Social and Personal.

The popularity acquired by Mr. A. L. E. Davies, a gentleman well known in musical circles in Toronto and other parts of the province, was unmistakably evinced on the occasion of his marriage to Miss Clara Hurst, daughter of Mr. T. Hurst of Seaton street. The event took place on Wednesday evening last at All Saints' church, the sacred edifice being filled to overflowing by the friends of bride and bridegroom. The bride, who looked extremely well in a traveling-dress of brown, was, in the unavoidable absence of her father, given away by Mr. Fred Booz; Miss Lily Schiller was bridesmaid, and the groomsmen were Mr. H. Hollingworth, Rev. Arthur H. Baldwin was the officiating clergyman and Mr. W. H. Hewlett, who presided at the organ, played Mendelssohn's Wedding March at the conclusion of the ceremony. Subsequently the bride received a large number of friends at her father's residence, those present including: Mr. Mrs., Miss and Mr. C. Pasmore, Mrs. Schiller, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McGolpin, Miss M. Bowers, Mr. and Mrs. D. Young, Mrs. E. Lye, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, Mrs. J. Johnson, Miss K. Davis, Miss Annie Young, Miss Butcher, Mrs. F. Booz, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Fuller, Miss Lizzie Fuller, Mr. George Hurst of Alliston, Miss Paton, Miss Fullerton, Miss Florence Brown, Mrs. Gus Dunn, Mrs. T. Purkis, Miss Ida Newcombe, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hughes, Mrs. and Miss Davies (mother and sister of the groom), Miss Jessie Brown, Mr. J. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Hewlett, Mr. H. Page and others. After the wedding breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Davies left for Niagara Falls. Mr. Davies has recently secured an important appointment with Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co., and his numerous friends will hasten to congratulate him upon his marriage.

The concert in connection with St. Matthias' church on Thursday evening of last week was a great success. In the first part of the programme Mr. Harry Simpson delighted the audience with his ventriloquist sketch; Mr. Fred Perrin secured a double encore in his comic songs, and Mr. W. W. Leake was well received for his fine rendering of The Death of Nelson; Miss Morell and the Harmony Banjo Club and glee by the choir were much appreciated. The concert concluded with a performance of Trial by Jury, which left little to be desired, each one taking his or her part in a highly creditable manner. We understand that it is to be repeated in about two weeks' time for the benefit of St. Hilda's College. The principal parts were:

Plaintiff..... Miss Morell  
Defendant..... Mr. Mockridge  
Judge..... Mr. Leake  
Usher..... Mr. Perrin  
Counsel..... Mr. De Gruy  
Foreman..... Mr. Collett

A large and fashionable gathering assembled on Wednesday last at eleven a.m. in Bloor street Presbyterian church to witness the marriage of Dr. Henry H. Oldright of College street to Miss Minnie M. Wilson, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Andrew Wilson. The ceremony was performed by Rev. H. M. Parsons, D.D., assisted by Rev. W. G. Wallace, M.A., and Rev. Wm. Gregg, D.D. The bride in a pearl gray corduroy gown looked the very embodiment of loveliness, and her sister, Miss Charlotte E. Wilson, made a very charming bridesmaid in a gown of delaine with crepon trimmings. Dr. Dwyer, medical superintendent of St. Michael's Hospital, ably supported the groom. After the knot had been tied the happy couple adjourned to Mr. Duncan Clark's residence on St. George street, where the bride has recently been staying, and spent a few moments in receiving the congratulations of their relatives. The handsome and numerous presents, including a dining-room table and other furniture, a silver tea service, and a complete set of silver forks, knives and spoons, were much admired. The bridal pair left the Union Station at one p.m. for a brief tour in the States, amid hearty wishes and showers of rice.

American Jottings by a Wandering Secretary was the title of an illustrated lecture recently given under the chairmanship of Sir Charles Tupper, before the members of the Institute of Secretaries, at the Suffolk street galleries, Pall Mall east, London, by Mr. L. G. Duff Grant, treasurer of the Institute. The lecture, which makes interesting reading, appeared in full in *The Secretary's Journal*. Mr. Grant's marriage with Miss Edith Donaldson Brown of Port Perry, Ont., was noted in these columns a little over a year ago.

Mrs. Reynold Gamble of St. Joseph street gave a very delightful little tea on Monday afternoon.

One of the recent out-door sports which has been an attraction to some smart people is golf, which is being played away down east in the direction of the Woodbine. One often sees a couple of players with a canvas sack full of queer-looking tools, and one knows they have been golfing. I am also told of several young

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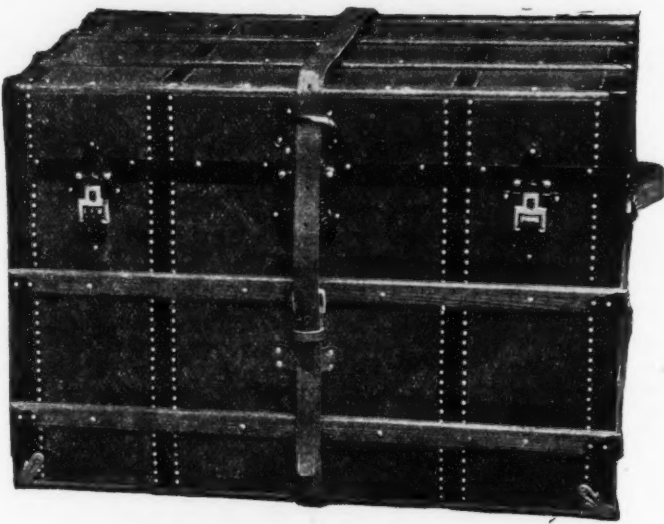
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Luxury  
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ladies who are becoming experts at the game so graphically described by Black in his last book, The Highland Cousins.

Mrs. C. C. Dalton of Isabella street gave a tea on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Waidle of Rosedale gives an afternoon tea to-day to a large number of friends.

A thimble party was given on Thursday afternoon of last week by Miss Wardrop, at which the usual good time which seems inevitable at these affairs was enjoyed.

A very well known and much beloved resident of Toronto has gone over to the majority this week. I refer to Dr. Joseph Workman, who died, at the great age of eighty-eight, on last Sunday evening. His kind, wise and generous nature won him many friends, and with him passes away one of the oldest landmarks of Toronto.

Mrs. B. E. Walker gave a small luncheon on Friday of last week.

Two teas of last Saturday which lacked nothing of success were those given by Mrs. Kingston on the east side and Mrs. Brough on the west side.

Miss Marjorie Campbell gave a tea on Thursday afternoon at her home, 16 Spadina road.

Who has not admired the lovely bank of crocuses which bloom on the terrace in front of a well known house on the north side of St. Joseph street? Many a word of pleased appreciation has greeted the hardy little flowers this week.

The Trinity College Banjo Club's concert and dance on Tuesday was a very well and pleasant affair indeed. Lots of people were present,

handsome gowns were worn and a very dainty supper was served by Harry Webb. An Italian orchestra played for the dancers in Convocation hall, and the record of happy evenings at dear old Trinity has one more added to the list which our memory keeps green. There were a few of the younger people who, having some eye for the vernal aspect of Nature, treated us to a sight of dainty summery muslin gowns, pristine in their newness and quite a welcome treat at the tail of the season. By the way, talking of fresh gowns, does anyone notice as sadly as I the very grubby appearance of many a well lampshade, which has seen much service the past winter. I was calling one day lately and remarked with much satisfaction that my hostess had newly trimmed her lampshades. Though the material was only crepe paper, it looked so much better than dingy silk and yellow lace in the pitiless gleam of the spring sunshine.

The cooking classes which were so popular last season are still very interesting, and a number of ladies are quite regular and faithful in their attendance.

Two Bloor street west hostesses yesterday were Mrs. Lowndsbrough, who gave a very smart luncheon for twelve guests, and Mrs. A. F. Webster, who entertained a number of friends in the evening.

A pretty luncheon for ten was given by Miss Cary of Jarvis street on Wednesday. The new fancy of a basket of fruits formed of ice-cream was one of the courses of a very nice menu.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra gave a dinner at Yeaton Hall last evening, at which covers were laid for twenty.

A jaunt in the private car of the President

# PATTI...

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of the Street Railway is the correct thing just  
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inevitable old lady hailing this luxurious par-  
lor on wheels and abusing the motorman  
because he won't stop for her. And one may  
also observe some very pretty faces scanning  
the crowded page from the elegant seclusion of  
the private car. Last summer there were  
some of the most perfectly charming picnics  
carried by it to the leafy suburbs of the city.

The concert on Friday evening next in Asso-  
ciation Hall promises to be one of more than  
ordinary excellence. This will probably be the  
last occasion on which Miss Lilli Kleiser will  
be heard in concert in this city previous to her  
departure for Buffalo. Mr. Harold Jarvis will  
sing two numbers, and in addition to these the  
following artists will also appear: Miss Maggie  
Huston, soprano; Mr. J. H. Cameron, elocu-  
tionist; Signor Napolitano, violinist; Mr.  
Joseph Mook, pianist, and the D'Alessandro  
Mandolin Orchestra.

An organ recital will be given on Wednesday  
next in St. Luke's church by Mr. J. Humphrey  
Anger, assisted by Miss Mabel Langstaff and  
Mr. J. Hamnerby Wilson.

A complimentary concert will be tendered to  
Mr. W. E. Ramsay previous to his departure  
for England. The affair will take place in the  
Pavilion on Monday evening, April 30. An  
immense array of talent, including Mrs.  
Mackelcan, will take part.

Mrs. Bendelari's many friends will be glad to  
hear of her continued improvement.

Mrs. Ferrier, who has been visiting Mrs. R.  
S. Neville, has returned home.

The Rev. Prof. Clark is preaching a series of  
morning sermons in St. Simon's church, and  
evening sermons in St. Margaret's.

A pretty wedding took place last Thursday at  
the residence of Mr. Rowland, Bloor street east,  
when the daughter of the house, Miss Carrie  
Rowland, a well known and much admired  
Toronto society belle, was married to Mr.  
Henry George of Detroit, Mich. Miss Rowland  
will be greatly missed in her own circle and  
will doubtless prove a most popular hostess in  
the City of Straits.

Sitting in a graceful morning-gown, with  
coffee-stain effects on the front, the poetess  
mused, "My thoughts are burning!" she sud-  
denly exclaimed. The guest man, with the  
black rings under his eyes, evinced interest.  
"Then it isn't the beefsteak, after all!" he  
ventured. She heard him not.—*Truth*.

Jinks—Mighty mean of the masons to get  
back at Mrs. Lease the way they did.  
Winks—She claimed to have seen an initia-  
tion by peeping through a sliding wicket at  
Lockport, didn't she?  
"Yes; and now the Lockport masons say  
they haven't used a sliding wicket for forty  
years."—*Puck*.

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### The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

**Births.**  
GOWER—On Sunday, April 16th, at 118 Avenue Road, To-  
ronto, the wife of E. F. Gower, of a daughter.  
ROSS—Clayton, Mrs. G. C. Ross—a daughter.  
GARDE—April 15, Mrs. F. C. Garde—a son.  
MCCONNELL—April 14, Mrs. McConnell—in daughter.  
BOULDEN—April 12, Mrs. C. J. Boulden—a son.

**Marriages.**  
KENNEDY—SOUTER—At St. George's Church, Kingston,  
Jamaica, on March 31, 1894, by Most Rev. Enos Nuttall,  
D.D., Primate of the West Indies, and Bishop of Ja-  
maica, assisted by Rev. H. H. Kilburn, Rev. Allan  
Parker Kennedy, rector of St. Andrew and St. Alban's  
churches of the parish of St. Elizabeth, to Maggie  
Louise Gamble, elder daughter of Mr. Alexander Souter  
and niece of the late Mr. N. Allan Gamble, all of  
Toronto.  
DAVIES—HURST—April 13, Arthur L. E. Davies to Clara  
Hurst.  
ATKINSON—SHORTT—April 12, M. A. Atkinson to Anna  
Shortt.  
GEORGE—ROWLAND—April 12, Henry George to Carrie  
Rowland.  
BALDWIN—MURRAY—April 17, Stephen Baldwin to  
Emily Murray.  
OLDWRIGHT—WILSON—April 18, H. M. Oldwright to  
Minnie Wilson.  
BYRNE—BOWMAN—April 8, S. A. Byrne to Carrie  
Bowman.

**Deaths.**  
ALLEN—April 15, Catherine Katrina Grant Allen.  
COHEN—April 14, Elizabeth Cohen, aged 57.  
FORTIER—April 10, William T. Fortier, aged 2.  
FORTIER—April 15, Charlotte Fortier, aged 4.  
FORTIER—April 15, Duke de Gaspere Fortier, aged 10.  
NEWELL—April 15, William Newell, aged 64.  
SPROULE—April 13, Mary Sproule, aged 77.  
WORKMAN—April 15, Joseph Workman, aged 88.  
THURSDON—April 15, Erye Thurston, aged 69.  
OLEARY—April 15, Thomas O'Leary, aged 69.  
FLUKE—April 13, James Fluke, aged 70.  
THOMPSON—April 13, Lucy Thompson, aged 6.  
MACLEAN—April 13, Charles W. MacLean, aged 19.  
WILLMOTT—April 18, Ann Coates Willmott, aged 80.

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Paris, April 25, 9 a.m. New York, May 9, 8 a.m.  
Berlin, May 2, 9 a.m. Paris, May 16, 3 p.m.  
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Rhynland, Wednesday, April 25, 9.40 a.m.  
Westerland, Wednesday, May 2, 3 p.m.  
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